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THE ACADEMY for June 13 will contain an Eight-page Literary Supplement, with contributions of special interest. In this issue will appear an Article on Mr. JOHN MURRAY, C.V.O., being the first of a series entitled

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NEXT WEEK will appear in THE ACADEMY The Tenth of a Series of Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

BY CARNEADES, Junior.

ADDRESSED TO
MR. A. C. BENSON.

PREVIOUS LETTERS:

- No. 1. Mr. HALL CAINE. Appeared April 11.
- No. 2. Miss MARIE CORELLI. Appeared April 18.
- No. 3. Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT. Appeared April 25.
- No. 4. Mr. H. G. WELLS. Appeared May 2.
- No. 5. Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. Appeared May 9.
- No. 6. Sir RIDER HAGGARD. Appeared May 16.
- No. 7. Mr. HENRY JAMES. Appeared May 23.
- No. 8. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Appeared May 30.

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Notes of the Week

WE have left the disgusting women without more than passing comment for over a year, in order to see if feeble-forcible Mr. McKenna would succeed in checking their criminal tendencies by his rotten "Cat-and-Mouse" Act. Of course, he has not succeeded in doing so, and nothing will succeed until one of the two remedies which we prescribed in January and May of last year is resorted to. The best and most effectual remedy is that which we advocated in our issue of January 25, 1913, which was this: If these vulgar criminals were unwilling to serve the punishments to which they were sentenced by the King's tribunals, they should be allowed to have their liberty, but only after receiving a sufficient number of strokes with the birch rod to bring home to them at one end what their diseased brains were unable to comprehend at the other; and each time that they were re-arrested, if they still declined to undergo the punishment meted out to them, the birch rod was to be kept in readiness for application again.

In January, 1913, some people were of the opinion that the corrective and preventive which we prescribed was somewhat too drastic. Although we did not entertain any such opinion ourselves, on May 10 of the same year we suggested an alternative course. It was this:

Should these crazy, unsatisfied creatures be certified as lunatics? That was an entirely reasonable proposition, but unfortunately we were met with two difficulties. The first and most serious one was that doctors would not support magisterial authority in confining these dangerous criminals to the only place for which they are fit. The doctors' objection was purely a professional one; they were afraid of losing practice, although not a few were brave enough and were quite willing to act in accordance with their obvious and bounden duty. The next objection was: If these wretched creatures cannot be retained in a prison, what is the good of confining them in a lunatic asylum? There is all the difference in the world. In prison, the Home Secretary, who is only fit to be put on a shelf wrapped in Thermogene, will let them out directly they begin to squeal; in a lunatic asylum they will be forcibly fed, as many lunatics are at the present day—much to their own advantage—and if they want to yell, they will be placed in the padded room until they are tired of that pastime. The question which occurs to any sane man is this: Are these bipeds, because they choose to call themselves women—although they have no womanly attributes—to be allowed to go on acting as crack-brained criminals or dangerous lunatics? Is the law to be a byword and a farce? So long as their antics were only distinguished by indecency, it was possible, perhaps, to refer to them as "poor, demented creatures," as a London stipendiary has in an ill-advised moment described them to-day; but now that they have become a blot upon society which is self-respecting, and a blot upon civilisation, there is no reason for not taking the most stringent measures to make them at least observe the outward forms of respectable living.

How did it happen that Ireland failed to turn the Whitsun holidays into a great joy-time in celebration of the imminent passing of the long-lived-for Home Rule Bill on to the Statute Book? What were the heroes of the Ministry thinking about that they did not organise a series of popular demonstrations at the head of which they might have ridden triumphant as the harbingers of peace and prosperity and justice to Ireland? They might have improved the occasion by using a few old tubs as drums. Why has Mr. Redmond, with his high honours thick upon him, confined himself to telling the King what his duty will be when the Home Rule Bill is presented for signature? These great lights of national and political justice had no occasion to emulate the self-denying ordinance of Mr. Bonar Law, who has been staying in Ireland on condition that no one asked him to talk politics. Sir Edward Carson imposes upon himself no such limitations anywhere. On the contrary, he actually puts the Home Rule leanings of Wales to the test by invading the province sacred to the Lloyd Georgian creed; and what does he get? A reception by 12,000 men and women, Covenanters all—no mean proportion of the population of Wales—such as even the Lord of Criccieth could not hope to rival with the assistance of the very worst of

his pet projects for securing himself in a new term of office. Happily, all Welshmen are not of the Lloyd George kidney. The demonstration in favour of Sir Edward Carson and the cause he represents was magnificent. We are quite prepared to believe that Mr. Lloyd George regards it as an impertinence.

That Ministers would accept the invitation of the *Times* and see things in Ireland for themselves was not to be expected. Home truths at close quarters do not help the Home Rule. How awkward for the Radical conception of things any actual contact with the facts would be is shown by the letter of confession which Sir Willans Nussey has just written. An old Home Ruler, he has been to Ulster for the first time. Other Radicals have been to Ireland on a similar mission—with disastrous results to their convictions. Sir Willans and they have the courage to tell what they found. Sir Willans describes the Ulster Volunteer movement as remarkable. Its motive, he says, is not far to seek. "It animates everyone, rich and poor alike. It is the dread of being placed under the dominion of the Church of Rome. They fear that she will control the appointment of all civil servants; that she may tamper with the administration of justice, blight their industries, and injuriously influence the education of their children." A "grave factor" in the situation has been the belief that the Government were deliberately bent on provoking a conflict. For that the Government have only their own culpable misguidance to thank. That Ulster's fears of Nationalist control are not unreasonable we may all learn from the speeches of Mr. O'Brien, which make a very effective answer to the Whitsun vapourings of Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

As nervous people in the dark whistle to keep up their courage, so Mr. Lloyd George spouts more loudly that all is well with the Government when everything is going wrong. A thousand Bristol Radicals have been to Criccieth. Mr. Lloyd George had to make them some return for this pilgrimage to the Lourdes of modern Liberalism: he therefore assured them that by-elections mean nothing, that Conservatism is declining (whatever the increase in their polling strength), that the day of democracy has dawned, and that the Government have been beaten in election after election, not because they have lost the confidence of the country, but because they have lost the confidence of "the nobility of the land." As they never had that confidence, we leave it to the casuistry of the Radical faith-healer to explain how they can have lost it. The fruit of the Parliament Act is now to be gathered, he tells us. The Parliament Act is not the only tree planted by this Government which is yielding fruit. Quite a fair crop, well mixed with sour grapes, is being gathered from the Insurance Act. Every Benefit Society complains of the increase of sickness which the Act has brought in its train. We are much mistaken if the sickness has not extended to the Govern-

ment. And Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment have only aggravated their ailment. Mr. Lloyd George's speech shows that Ministers intend to brazen it all out—and every month they hang on secures their grateful followers a further £33 6s. 8d.

Mr. Balfour is always happiest when indulging in antithesis. At the meeting of the British Institute of Social Service he showed that those who devote time and thought to the advancement of social reform have gone to the opposite extreme of the Adam Smith school, who believed in *laissez faire*, and thought that the worst thing a Government could do was to interfere with the liberty of people to go to perdition their own way. That was "a period when the critical spirit overshadowed the philanthropic spirit to a dangerous extent." Was the overshadowing one whit more dangerous than the grandmotherly—in other words, the bureaucratic—methods in favour to-day? We have simply gone from one extreme to another, and the mischief is that false sentiment is reinforced by sheer political corruption. The difference between Adam Smith's day and our own is that social reform then could not be construed in terms of votes, whilst to-day it is nicely gauged to meet the electoral necessities of the aspirant to £400 a year as reward for intermittent attendance at the House of Commons during some five or six months out of the twelve. The British Institute of Social Service would do greatest service if it would gag some of the self-seekers who make social problems stepping-stones to preferment.

Seldom have we seen more concentrated drivel in the form of newspaper correspondence than that which the *Times* has recently published in opposition to golf. There is only one thing more remarkable than the nonsense written, and that is the approval which it receives from certain folk in private confab. "Anti-Golf" does not admit that golf is a game at all: it is a pastime! Precious distinction! A nice subject for a prize essay in a girls' school: "Define the difference between games and pastimes." The answer might be given in one word: "Golf!" Another correspondent suggests that golf is "a pastime for duffers"; it is popular because it lacks "the essentials of a game." Yet the *Times* itself carelessly talks of "objections to a popular game." Mr. F. T. Dalton surpasses all with his discovery that golf is spoiling the countryside, robbing spring of its delights, depriving autumn of its significance, and generally introducing discord into Nature's colour-scheme, "the tender outline of the middle distance" being violated by "an insistent fussy little club-house." And Mr. Dalton writes from that haven of undisturbed intelligence—the Athenæum Club. With such overwhelming arguments in mind, we shall hardly like to be seen in public places in future carrying a set of golf sticks. Hitherto, we have failed to realise the wrong we were doing our manhood and the country at large. Let golfers beware!

"The Gentle Art of Marking Time"

WITH REFLECTIONS ON THE ONLY WAY

THE Whitsuntide Recess is a convenient break in the Session in which one can take stock of the position. All the winter and the early spring men had been drilling in Ulster, and Mr. Asquith in February had a difficult task to perform in occupying the time until Home Rule could be finally passed. Experience of the ways of the House of Commons, astuteness, and accidents all helped him. If you look back, he played his own game most admirably. He used all forms—conciliation, proposed amendments, pleas for time to consider, threats, and abrupt decisions.

Parliament opened on February 10, and the gracious Speech from the Throne contained an earnest wish by the Sovereign that the goodwill and co-operation of all parties might heal dissensions and lay the foundations of a lasting settlement. What could be more reasonable and conciliatory? In a speech of wonderful dexterity Asquith said: "Debate the King's Speech as usual; vote what I require in Supply; and in six weeks' time I will put my proposals before you. I admit that the initiative lies with the Government, and I will then make an offer." With this the Opposition had to be content, and for six weeks things went on as if civil war was an impossible solution. Then came the six years' exclusion offer, and a promise of full details in writing.

In the meantime the Government went off on their second tack. They became bellicose; Winston Churchill went down to Bradford and made a provocative speech, in which he said "there were worse things than bloodshed." Next came the White Paper with details so insolently meagre that James Hope called it a "stump." Carson said Asquith's offer was a hypocritical sham—were we expected to debate the second reading of the Bill without any further details? "Yes," said Asquith, in his third, the abrupt, manner; "what is the use of discussing details if the general purport of the offer of the Government is contemptuously declined?" He wasn't going to give any details, and didn't.

On March 19 the vote of censure was moved, and the historic cross-examination of Bonar Law by Asquith across the floor of the House took place. Bonar Law offered the Referendum, and agreed to dispense with plural voting, but all to no purpose; Mr. Asquith was bluffing; he could not accept any offer, and never expected that Bonar Law would concede so much. But it served his turn—it delayed matters while time slipped away. Then came the question to the officers and their refusal to serve against Ulster; the memorandum which the Cabinet disowned; Seely's resignation, and Asquith's retirement to Fife to be needlessly re-elected as Minister for War. This carried them over Easter.

On April 6 the Bill was read a second time. On April 28, or thereabouts, Carson and Londonderry issued their famous manifesto proving most con-

clusively that the Government or some members of it were concerned in a plot to provoke Ulster to revolt. Upon this, Bonar Law demanded an inquiry. All this meant delay, and Winston kept the game going by becoming peaceable and making an offer to Carson in the direction of Federalism. Was this *bona fide*? The Unionists paused to think it over; but the men of Ulster could not wait while they pondered, so brought off a successful gun-running coup on a large scale. This occurred after the motion for an inquiry had been fixed for May 6. It naturally took all the steam out of the debate, and Carson, Bonar Law, and Balfour all made pacific and pathetic speeches. Nothing came of it, of course.

On May 11, Lloyd George brought in his Budget. This caused more debate, and, as Mr. Asquith saw he had played with the Opposition enough, he suddenly announced in his third manner that there would be no suggestion stage on the Bill at all—it must go through before Whitsuntide. On May 28, in his conciliatory manner he said there would be an Amending Bill, but declined (third manner), as usual, to give any details. Then for the first time the Opposition back-benchers showed their teeth; there was a row in the House, and business had to be suspended; but in the end Asquith's prophecy came true—the Bill was read a third time before Whitsuntide. By alternately holding out the olive branch, promising concessions, declining to give details of the promised concessions, and by abrupt displays of power, Mr. Asquith successfully marked time from February to June and passed the Home Rule Bill.

The Opposition had been fooled all the time. Sixty or seventy resolute men can make business impossible in the House of Commons. It is the only thing which the country really understands. They do not read or take in "conversations," but they wake up when the business of the country cannot be carried on. There were sixty-six men ready and willing to stop all business on the day Parliament opened. They refrained from doing so at the earnest request of, and out of loyalty to, their leader. Again and again since then they have been persuaded to be quiet. Mr. Bonar Law knew nothing of the sudden decision whereby things were brought to a standstill on May 22. It was the simultaneous rising of thirty-eight back-benchers who were tired of the game of evasion and delay; and by the simple process of saying "Adjourn—adjourn—adjourn" in a low monotone they stopped all business.

We are convinced it is the only way to force the Government to go to the country. They prefer the risk of a bloody civil war, in which they do not risk their own lives, to the constitutional method of a General Election, or even a Referendum. It is time the country was made to understand this, and the only way to do it is to stop the business of the country from being carried on at all. Next week we hope the back-benchers on the Unionist side will take matters into their own hands and make business impossible: it is the only way.

Letters to Certain Eminent Authors

IX.—MR. THOMAS HARDY

SIR,—On several occasions, both verbally and in the more leisurely argumentative methods of the essay, I have sought to defend you from the charge of being a pessimist. It is one of the easiest things in the world to label a man, and a most difficult task to disregard or to remove the label. We have all been annoyed when we have heard the inevitable adjectives trotted out by glib and immature critics—the “ruggedness” of Carlyle, the “obscurity” of Meredith or Browning, the profound description of Mr. Henry James as “so involved, don’t you know”—on the strength of two or three exceptional passages in which style may have conquered expedience. Thus, when inconsiderate readers have fallen into line and murmured “pessimist” while discussing your work, I have pointed out to them that the true artist is at liberty to present all aspects; that it is not safe to jump to conclusions upon an author’s outlook by the general content or discontent of his characters; that you yourself have written, “The road to a true philosophy of life seems to lie in humbly recording diverse readings of its phenomena as they are forced upon us by chance and change”; and that in any case it was not sound criticism to repeat at second hand a word which has almost become meaningless, so often and so injudiciously has it been used.

Of late, however, I am beginning to wonder whether the crowd is not right after all. A few poems of yours have recently appeared in reviews of repute, of so unexpectedly doleful a burden that I put to myself the question: Is this the work of a man who sees nothing in this world but misery, gloom, and ironic blows of fate—who lives in a perpetual fog of despair; or is it the work of one who, having gained a reputation for looking on the dark side of things, is “keeping it up” and smiling in secret quite cheerily, albeit a trifle sarcastically, to see the effect? Take one of these grim outlines—I hesitate to term it a poem; the most recent, if I mistake not, since it was printed but three weeks ago. A woman is buying mourning robes, expecting shortly to be a widow; unknown to her, her husband is standing at the back of the shop. With delightful delicacy, he refrains from speaking until she has finished her purchases; then, disclosing himself, he explains that he thought it would be “awkward to meet the man who had to be cold and ashen—

And screwed in a box before you could dress you
‘In the last new note of mourning,’
As you defined it. So, not to distress you,
I left you to your adorning.”

A truly heartening little picture to offer your faithful readers, is it not? And why you wrote it, I cannot think.

In turning to your “Wessex Poems” recently, I am struck by some of the titles. “Neutral Tones”; “Re-

vulsion”; “Her Death and After”; “A Meeting with Despair”; “Doom and She”; “The Levelled Churchyard”; and so on—I might quote a dozen equally charming; and even when the title is cheerful, I often find the poem beneath it is anything but lively. There are a few, however, which I cannot read without a thrill of pure pleasure, and one is the beautiful “Song of the Soldiers’ Wives and Sweethearts,” with its exquisite ending:

And now you are nearing home again,
Dears, home again;
No more, may be, to roam again
As at that bygone time,
Which took you far away from us
To stay from us;
Dawn, hold not long the day from us,
But quicken it to prime!

And, reading, I wonder—which is the real expression of the writer, that delicate song of rejoicing, or the items in the far larger funereal group which make one shudder at the thought of living much longer in such a pitiful world?

This seems, I am aware, to be a suggestion that you are guilty of the artist’s worst crime—insincerity; I overcome that charge by remembering your own pronouncement as to a “true philosophy of life,” which I quoted at the beginning of this letter. But, since it seems to be your fixed and unalterable resolve to write no more splendid prose, no more revelations of the loved land of Wessex, but only to give us poetry, may I not plead that future poems from you should not deal wholly with death and disaster? To dictate to an artist as to his theme would be, of course, unpardonable; to hint that the world does, after all, contain some happiness which might be expressed in unrivalled form by such a master of language as yourself is at present the sole object of

Your obedient Servant,
CARNEADES, JUNIOR.

The Stories of F. W. Bain

“A DIGIT of the Moon” was first published in 1898, and it purported, like the subsequent volumes, to be a translation from the Sanskrit. The story was so cleverly told, so steeped in Oriental imagery, and, above all, it contained such an insinuating introduction and such ingenious notes explanatory of certain Sanskrit words, that the *tout ensemble* deceived the very elect. Mr. Bain, story-teller and mathematician, was taken seriously. It was thought in academical circles that he had made a new and valuable discovery in Indian literature, and “A Digit of the Moon” was added to the Oriental Department of the British Museum Library. Eventually it was discovered that Mr. Bain had not translated from a Sanskrit manuscript, and that the question of “trans-

lation" was either a joke on the part of the author or an attempt to see how far Oriental scholars would be deceived in the matter. It is rather a pity, now that we have seen the joke, that Mr. Bain still persists in making reference to translation on his title-pages. His books have now been transferred to the large reading-room of the British Museum, and readers will discover the following in the General Catalogue: "Translated from the original MS. [or rather written] by F. W. Bain."

It is easy to be wise after we have been enlightened. It is easy to say that these exquisite stories of Mr. Bain are far too full of fragrance and colour and charm to have come to us through the dulling process of translation. Only scholars are likely to be a trifle annoyed by the playful deception. The now wise reader, with no scholarly pretensions, will see a *double entendre* in such a note as, "This is not a strict translation," or "*Attahāsa*, 'loud laughter.'" Mr. Bain, in his introduction to his first Indian story, was determined to deceive us for the time being, for he writes learnedly of "A Digit of the Moon" being the sixteenth part of the "*Sansāra-sāgara-manthanam*" ("The Churning of the Ocean of Time"), for which we have looked in vain in Macdonell's "Sanskrit Literature." Having impressed us with notes, he proceeds to tell us that the above manuscript, resembling "a packet of ladies' long six-button gloves, pressed together between two strips of wood about the size of a cheroot box, and tied round with string," came into his possession in quite a romantic and pathetic way. It was the gift of an old Brahman to whom Mr. Bain had rendered some slight service. The Brahman is dead, the author unknown, and the manuscript, as Mr. Bain naïvely remarks, "differs from the general run of Sanskrit productions in two very striking particulars—the simplicity of its style and the originality of its matter." Mr. Bain is aware that Sanskrit writers have little if any originality, and that they are prone to overload a well-worn theme with an almost irritating display of ornament that renders unity too often negligible. "Our author," writes Mr. Bain, surely laughing in his sleeve, "was an exception. Whoever he was, he must have possessed the gift of imagination." This is self-evident, but now in addition we know that the author still happily lives, and that he is able to tell a good story in his introductions and a still better one in the pages that follow.

What Edward FitzGerald did to popularise Persian poetry by making Omar a lay figure for wine and pessimism, Mr. Bain has done, much more cheerfully, in regard to Sanskrit literature. To read an English translation of the famous "*Sakuntala*" is to see beauty upside-down and through the blurred veil of a cold language. To peruse Mr. Bain's stories is to ride on a cloud with Parwati, the Daughter of Himalaya, and Shiwa, the Lord of Time: it is to see, from the Great God's hair, the love-affairs of many mortals in palace and jungle and highway, to listen to animals that tell droll stories, to witness the downfall of once holy ascetics, and to come in touch with the very spirit of

old Indian romance. In one of the tales he describes a horrible creature "shuffling on one leg, and rolling its one eye, and yelling indistinctly, '*Underdone, overdone, undone!*'" The words in italics never apply to Mr. Bain's stories. Love, adventure, humour, and glowing descriptions of Nature are all combined in the right proportion. We could no more go to sleep over these Indian tales than we could slumber in Baghdad while purchasing some rare and beautiful vase. His divinities do not sit brooding above temple altars: they are wonderfully human, and always whimsically, if fatalistically, interested in love generally. We can meet and converse with them without having attained "a high mountain of merit"; indeed, their own holiness sits lightly upon them, for they are beings that can still be amorous and can still crack a tolerably good joke.

"A Digit of the Moon" is the most popular of these books, and certainly the most valuable as far as the first editions are concerned. It contains a famous passage descriptive of the creation of woman, which has been often recited and often quoted. It is sensuous, poetical, apt, witty, and every word is polished and set in its right place by a master-hand. I do not know any other passage in Mr. Bain's books to equal it for beauty, but I am not inclined to regard "A Digit of the Moon" as his best story. In many ways "The Descent of the Sun" is a better piece of work, while "A Mine of Faults," "A Heifer of the Dawn," and "A Draught of the Blue" are all excellent examples of his genius as a story-teller. So far, there has been no sign of diminished power—no small merit when we remember the number of stories he has told for our delectation. That his work has been recognised, where recognition is of most value, goes without saying, and he has recently received the distinction of having his eleven stories reissued in a sumptuous limited edition on Riccardi hand-made paper.

Mr. Bain must have steeped himself in Sanskrit literature. He has wandered through the mazy ways of Hindu mythology and the still more devious paths of Hindu philosophy. While others have been labouring over literal translations and producing results that are anything but reflections of the originals, he has seen the poetry of Hinduism, and made his gods and goddesses, his Apsaras and demons, as real as his kings and coy princesses. He has always told a good story in poetical prose, and if he has repeated that story, with slight variations, more than once, the repetition, besides being strictly Oriental, was well worth while. There are laughter and jewels and flowers in the stories, fair maids and valiant lovers, stirring adventures by lake and wood and mountain, and, presiding over all, playful deities that have a pleasant way of forgetting their divinity, riding across the blue sky like bees in search of honey. Mr. Bain has given us Indian magic as we have never had it before, except, perhaps, in the Jungle Books, and his stories are so full of a joyous kind of beauty, so rich in metaphor, and so finely told, that they deserve to rank with those of Mr. Kipling.

F. H. D.

Days in Somaliland

IT was the fourth night of my trek inland from Berbera on the coast to reach the top of Waggar Mountain, the highest peak of the Golis range. It is not over seven thousand feet, but wherever you go there is always a satisfaction in being able to say, like the boy in Panyer Alley, "Yet still this is the highest ground."

Earlier in the evening, I had bought some grass for the camels from a headman of the Musa Jibril, near to whose *Hchraer* or kraal my tent had been pitched. The Musa Jibril is a sub-tribe of the Isa Musa which used to levy toll on the Sheikh Pass and the coast roads from the East, and Ahrali, as the headman was called, was quite ready to make an arrangement for the next day to guide me himself up to the summit of Waggar. His kraal consisted of a round, formidable enclosure of cut thorn-bushes built very high to keep the leopards away from his flock of little Somali sheep, white with black heads, which every evening were driven inside the fencing to spend the night round their owner's portable huts made of large wooden hoops covered over with mats. Sometimes the wall of bushes is built right over into a complete dome, and even then leopards have been known to get inside. It is said that the wily cat will jump on to the top, searching for any hole through which he can drop his tail perpendicularly, and that at any such weak spot he will promptly force an entrance.

Ahrali was a tall, finely developed specimen of the pure-blood Somali—a blend arising from successive Aryan and Hamitic invasions. Sitting beside my big teak box, with one poor candle for illumination fastened to a piece of wood by its own grease, I talked with him with the help of my Berbera servant, Hamid, as interpreter. The headman told me that he had one son, five daughters, eighty cows, two hundred sheep and twenty camels. His brother had four wives, as is allowed by the tenets of the Shafai sect of Mahomedanism. He told me that part of the marriage ceremony consists in the bridegroom striking the bride several times with the leather whip (called a *jedal*) before all the people as a sign of possession. He explained also how the girls wear their hair loose before marriage and afterwards closely packed in a black net as I had seen them.

It was a night of stars, and the candle served chiefly as an attraction to the tinier members of the Ark Club who all seemed eager to call upon me. I asked about the animals of the district; Ahrali said that lions were getting killed out, but that leopards were as plentiful as ever, and that there were many Koodu. "Him saw long time ago plenty *Marodi* (elephant) on Waggar. And sometimes man going through bad place gets hit by devils. He not see any but cry out—then he taken to Mullah and Mullah he hit him here (putting one hand over his eyes) and devil go out. Best in all the world he like good sons and plenty animals and money to buy more animals. Him not want be dead. Him

want stop all the time on the world and get more animals and always more animals." Then he volunteered the compliment that it was a good thing for the country that the English were there, naively adding: "Every time some officer come" (all white travellers in that country are known to the Somalis as officers) "he give money and do something for people."

The place where I was now encamped was called Hanki-deeli-daafet, which I had reached by riding, through thornbush and anthills, over the wide, stony Suh Sarreh plateau from the top of Sheikh Pass, a break in the gigantic step by which the Golis range descends abruptly to lower slopes above the sandy maritime plain.

The next day was devoted to the actual ascent of the mountain, and just as we started in the early morning, three Klipspringers, *Alakuts* the Somali call them, watched us at close range as if they knew I had no hostile intentions. As we ascended, the euphorbia trees, the giant cactus, here called *Hassadan*, increased in size, sometimes reaching thirty and even forty feet in height. With their long, green, quadrangular, fleshy stems radiating upward from the central trunk these weird trees gave a striking character to the landscape. All round us birds were now singing and chattering, and from the next open glade I could now for the first time see the upper part of the mountain, a gigantic mass of great limestone boulders with scrub and trees growing between them. And among these trees the finest were the tall cedars, not cedars of Lebanon, but the mountain cedar called *Deiyib* by the Somali, a tree with twisted branches which grows as high as a hundred feet. Presently we left the camels and in a single file followed Ahrali, who sometimes had to make good use of his *gudimo*, a short axe which he carried for cutting through the bush.

At the very summit stands a vast separate boulder forty feet high and smooth, to climb which I discarded my boots and went up in stocking feet. Immediately below me was now another smooth-worn rock about twenty feet away from the base of the one on which I stood, its top covered with grey and orange-yellow lichens, while a fine cedar reared its branches, gnarled and twisted as if in annoyance at their inability to rise above the summit rock. On every side I looked to infinite distances; the series of long serrated ridges of mountains rising plane above plane in the golden afterglow made a scene of incomparable beauty. To the North the clouds were rounded with shadowy pale purples and deeper violets above the white sand of the distant maritime plain, beyond which the sea merged imperceptibly into the far horizon.

The dusk was deepening as we scrambled down after Ahrali, the headman, now creeping swiftly like a cat along a kind of ditch under dense branches, now rapidly striding across more open ground in the gathering darkness, till we reached the camels.

On the return journey from Hanki-deeli-daafet I called upon the Commissioner, who was at the time in camp at Areali, a few miles from Sheikh (it was before

the recent withdrawal to the coast). As we approached, a rhythmic singing reached us from a row of Somalis digging a trench to run off rain, which had fallen heavily that afternoon, from the level ground about the camp. "Aurti eilku ken" they sang—"Bring the camel to the well"—and more which I could not get translated though I could enjoy the sound of it. It was here also that I saw a Tomal, one of the outcast tribes, and the only Somali people who do any kind of craft work, forging a spearhead out of some hoop iron. His bellows were of two sheepskins blowing through an oryx horn spout. It is curious that, as in other countries, outcast people of an older race have certain privileges which preserve to them some importance. Thus, whenever a child is born in Somaliland, the outcast Yibus get backsheesh presents, being believed to be in close touch with the devil, a trace of that nature-worship which survives yet in every religion.

A few days more camel-riding and I was back at Berbera to be welcomed by "Scroggs," the four months old lioness cub, a little tame Dik Dik, smallest of all the family of the antelopes, a pony called "Microbe," sure-footed on the darkest night, and—a British baby, at whose birth no doubt to outcast Yibus had been given much orthodox backsheesh.

A. HUGH FISHER.

A Great Artist of Modern France

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THERE is to be seen in London to-day—at the Leicester Galleries, to the eternal honour of the directorate—the first serious attempt in this city to do honour to one of the supreme artists of our generation. For, let us make no mistake about it, in Steinlen we have an artist of astounding achievement, a man whose works in the years to come will be ranked with the highest that man's hands have wrought. And it is well to dwell upon it, and to weigh its significance.

Switzerland, for some strange reason, has given us pathetically few great names in the arts, whether of literature or painting or other activity of the imagination. Then comes this French-Swiss, Théophile Alexandre Steinlen, who has arisen to speak out of the long silence of his land; and as though he had been chosen to give tongue to a virile and vigorous breed, he seems to have been gifted with the fuller powers. Yet the fact remains that, whilst this man's genius has probably influenced some of the best creative impulse throughout Europe and America to-day, he is not represented by a single print in our national collections; and the majority of critics, even if they know his name, scarce realise the vitality of his genius, and certainly have scant suspicion of the greatness of his art.

It is likely enough that the preface to the catalogue, by Anatole France, will bring him into the critical eye, and thence into the public vision, more certainly than the display of his work in London; yet, whilst this

display only reveals a few facets of his genius, it is an excellent introduction to his remarkable career. There are several pieces that ought to pass into our national possession, and now is the time for the nation to purchase them, for they will soon be increased in value.

It is close on twenty-five years ago since I wrote what I am told was the first notice of his work in England—indeed, it was easy to see from the early contributions to *Gil Blas Illustré* and kindred prints that one was in the presence of a master. Steinlen, who comes of artistic stock, is said to have been fired in youth by Zola's "L'Assommoir" to seek Paris as the scene of his endeavour; but whatever the impulse, there was destiny in it—for Steinlen and for Paris. In Steinlen, the Paris of our generation found her voice; and, through him, above all other artists, she has given forth her song. To possess the long series of designs, touched with colour, that made of *Gil Blas Illustré* for years the finest illustrated paper in Europe, is to know Paris as no man may know her without years of residence in her fascinating midst. To possess these designs, which were published in a halfpenny weekly paper, is far more even than this—it is to know France from within as she cannot be otherwise known except by a Frenchman.

It is likely enough that, had Steinlen's work been engineered and exploited with the shrewdness and business capacity that fell to the luck of the so-called "Post-Impressionists" and "Futurists" and the like, the public would be in acclaim about his genius; but he has created his sincere art and developed an astounding craftsmanship to utter that art, heedless of vogues and fashions. He has by consequence achieved a mastery of technique that rivals that of Daumier before him, and of Charles Keene on our side of the Channel. The elimination of all unnecessary lines, combined with the nerve of his simple line and a broad use of masses, have made for a powerful interpretation of the deep, poetic soul of a man whose vision is as unflinching as his heart is compassionate. Steinlen came to a Paris in which gaiety and blitheness moved side by side with sorrow and suffering; and he has uttered France as no man has ever uttered her life with the pencil's point. He has not, as is the limitation of most artists, harped upon one string. The life of the workers in the factories, of the rich and of the poor, of the dancer and the lady of fashion, of street and shop and family mansion, of the sea and shore and wood and forest, of the hooligan and the Jew financier, of the gilded youth and the "cocotte"—nothing has evaded his ken. He has caught the charm and grace of "the little French milliner" as she trips, bareheaded and daintily arrayed, along the picturesque streets. He has given us the threat and sombre tragedy of strikes and of the breaking of strikes. No man has so wonderfully expressed the brutality of a mob, or shown with more consummate skill the movement of crowds. The Parisian "cocher" and policeman have been immortalised by him. Above all, his pity and prophetic vision have dwelt upon the awful problem of the struggle of the poor for bread. And all that he has wrought has

been uttered with haunting power. It is part of the greatness of the man that, instead of spending his gifts on paintings which have but a limited appeal, he took the instrument that the press has placed within his reach for the diffusion of his art, and we can become possessors of his wide achievement in reproductions of his works, every one of which is a masterpiece, and every masterpiece a poem.

It is a wonder that some British artist has not done for London what Steinlen has done for Paris. But we have fallen into a rut in our attitude towards the arts, so that we have come to look upon a painting on the walls of the Royal Academy as the "real thing." And yet, when the achievement of our people in the Victorian years is weighed and judged, there will stand out the fame of a black-and-white artist in England, head and shoulders above all the cults and coteries of pre-Raphaelism and the rest of it—his name Charles Keene. Charles Keene sang for us the Britain and the London that is her chief city, the life in town and country, as no man of his years uttered that life. And in Steinlen we have another such genius uttering the France, and, above all, the Paris, of our own day. His repute increases and will increase, and his genius receive ever a loftier position as the dust and shouting of the passing scuffles and wrangles of the studios die away. His reputation is firmly founded on a sincere and passionate love of his fellow-men, which he has been granted a wondrous skill of craftsmanship to utter; and the world slowly awakes to the fact that he stands serenely destined to a place amongst the immortals.

The Dawn of Aerial Navigation—II

AT Nimroud and Khorsabad, near the site of Nineveh, a city supposed to have been founded shortly after the Noachian Flood, huge winged monsters carved in stone, representing gods or genii, have been found guarding the entrances of the buried Assyrian temples. They are chiefly human-headed bulls and lions, their outspread wings reaching to both walls. As Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote of one of the carved winged beasts he saw being carried into the British Museum:—

A human face the creature wore
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,
And flanks with dark runes fretted o'er.
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur,
A dead, disbowelled mystery;
The mummy of a buried faith
Stark from the charnel without scathe,
Its wings stood for the light to bathe,
Such fossil cerements as might swathe
The very corpse of Nineveh.

But sculptured four-winged and six-winged human figures, similar to the cherubim and seraphim of Ezekiel and Isaiah, have also been unearthed there from beneath the dust of ages. Representations, too, of royal personages, both male and female, and furnished with wings,

as well as of the griffin or lion-eagle, the sphinx, and the winged horse, have likewise been discovered amidst these venerable remains. Such symbolic figures, however, were not exclusively Assyrian, for they were no less familiar to the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Arabians, and other peoples. In Persia we meet with the winged Cyrus, in Egypt with the griffin, the sphinx, and angelic figures, in Babylonia with the winged lion and also with the sphinx, and in Greece with the griffin again.

Aerial navigation, in one form or another, occupies a prominent position in the mythological beliefs of the ancient Greeks and Romans, as may be instanced by the winged chariot of Zeus; by the chariots of Juno and Venus, respectively carried through the air by peacocks and doves; by the wings of Saturn, or old Father Time; by Jove's eagle, and the flying horses of the Sun; by the winged cap and feet of Mercury, messenger of the gods, and the wings he gave Perseus to aid the latter in slaying Medusa, with which he also delivered Andromeda from the sea-monster; by the fiery chariot drawn by flying dragons on which Medea fled through the air to escape from the wrath of Jason; by the winged horse Pegasus on which Bellerophon destroyed the three-headed monster Chimæra; and by the ram with the golden fleece on the back of which Phryxus and Helle travelled aloft through space to avoid the persecution of their step-mother Ino. Aristophanes, in "The Birds," makes Peisthætaerus declare—

Why Hermes, and lots of the deities too, go flying
about upon wings;
There is Victory, bold on her pinions of gold; and then,
by the Powers, there is Love;
And Iris, says Homer, shoots straight through the
skies, with the ease of a terrified dove.

While the famous Greek poet more than once introduces aerial steeds into the "Iliad," the oldest and most celebrated epic poem extant:—

Saturnia, ardent to obey,
Lash'd her white steeds along the aerial way.
Swift down the steep of Heaven the chariot rolls,
Between the expanded earth and starry poles.

It is more than likely that some legend, or rather a tradition, handed down from generation to generation through the ages, of the Ornithosauria, was responsible for the dragon which figures so largely in the ancient folk-lore of both Eastern and Western peoples; and which crops up again in full force in European, mediæval, or even late romance. Those three nymphs, the Hesperides, guardians of the golden apples, had their garden protected by the winged dragon Ladon, who never slept. To come to more modern times, this mythical monster, rushing, or flying, or belching fire, appears to have been the device on the standards of the West Saxons and the English, prior to the Norman Conquest. Several of the Plantagenet kings and princes had the figure of a dragon depicted on their banners and shields. Peter Langtoffe says, that at the battle of Lewes, fought in 1264, "the King schewed

forth his schild, his dragon full austere." In heraldry, the creature formed one of the supporters of the royal arms borne by all our Tudor monarchs, with the exception of Queen Mary. But these real or mythical pioneers of Aerial Navigation in ages agone, though now extinct, are still in a sense yet with us in the form of many so-called flying creatures, apart from birds—such as the ballooning spiders, the phalangiers with their parachutes, the flying opossums, lemurs, squirrels, mice, foxes, lizards, frogs, and three varieties of flying fish—herring, gurnard, and squid, the last a genus of cuttlefish.

An American View of the Short Story

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT amused himself during his recent tour of "our United States" by uttering some startling remarks on American literature: declaring that Poe is matchless, that Walt Whitman is one of the world's supreme artists, and that for Mark Twain's incomparable masterpiece, "Life on the Mississippi," he would willingly sacrifice all the novels of Thackeray and George Eliot! Despite the pleasant exaggeration in these remarks, one must see that they are typical of the enthusiastic reception usually accorded by Europe to the chief American writers. J. Fenimore Cooper, for instance, wears much better in France than in America. Poe, whose place in American literature is still disputed at home, ranks high among the French, who make him the subject of innumerable lectures, of innumerable dissertations, of innumerable editions; and his works have been translated into German, Greek, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, and Swedish as well. The Uncle Remus tales of Joel Chandler Harris have been translated into twenty-seven languages, and are praised abroad for other than mere folk-lore reasons.

American critics, however, usually slight our efforts at writing tales, novels, and poetry, and centre all their admiration on the one literary type that the United States is said to have invented. To invent a *genre* for literary expression would indeed be a praiseworthy achievement. This achievement, the invention of the modern short story, is credited to Poe. As a matter of fact, in writing the short story Poe was anticipated both by Balzac and Mérimée in France and by Hawthorne in America; but Mr. Esenwein naïvely remarks ("Studying the Short Story," 1913) that the short story cannot be said to have been an established form in France before its use in America because neither Balzac nor Mérimée used the new form consciously. While this is perhaps true, one can hardly be safe in claiming that Poe invented the short story. He may be given credit for discovering it, if by discovery one means merely that he self-consciously enunciated the principles of the new *genre* he himself was writing.

Poe announced his "discovery," May, 1842, in a review of Hawthorne's stories that has been worn out

by persistent quotation. Poe was logical: succeeding critics have been illogical; for Poe deduced his rules *a priori*, while later critics have made rules *a posteriori*. Poe declared that the short story—or, as he termed it, the "tale"—differs from the novel solely in shortness and in "totality of effect." He could not have dreamed that his modest essay would lead to the making of many theories, and of as many books to contain them. In 1884 Mr. Brander Matthews published an article in which, he has since claimed, he was the first to assert that the short story differs from the novel essentially and not merely in the matter of length. But though it has recently been pointed out that similar views were far more clearly enunciated by Friedrich Spielhagen in 1876, yet Mr. Matthews is responsible for the popularity of short-story criticism. He contends, it will be recalled, that the "Short-story" fulfils the three classic unities; it deals, furthermore, with a single character, a single emotion, or with a series of emotions called forth by a single situation.

There is much food for thought in the many books on the short story that are pouring from the American press each month. Based as they are on a national pride that they vainly attempt to justify, the incongruity of their pretensions is highly amusing. The short story is obviously the rarest thing under the sun if one is to believe Mr. Matthews' definition, or the statement of Mr. Esenwein ("Writing the Short-Story," 1909), that it has seven characteristics: a single predominating character, a single pre-eminent incident, imagination, plot, compression, organisation, and unity of impression. Such a description, coming as it does from the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, seems to be one of life's little ironies; and one may read a dozen issues of *Lippincott's* without stumbling on a story that harmonises with this definition. Another author, Mr. H. A. Phillips ("The Plot of the Short Story," 1912), goes still further, and laments the fact that magazine editors are injuring the cause of literature because they do not know short stories when they see them, and because they are accepting for publication stories that are not short stories. And while one is wondering whether he has ever read a short story in an American magazine, he is startled to read in Mr. W. B. Pitkin's recent book ("The Short Story," 1912) that "the ordinary detective story or the puzzle story such as Poe's 'Gold Bug'" is not a short story. Even the inventor of the short story did not write short stories!

When critics come to illustrate their remarks from American short-story writers, they are usually hoist with their own petard. They unite in holding up as a model the late O. Henry, a writer who for the last five or six years has enjoyed a tremendous vogue, and who, strangely enough, violates every rule they lay down. O. Henry scorns the so-called laws of compression and relevancy of words and details by interpolating divagations that out-Thackeray Thackeray; he never openly prepares for his *dénouements*, but always strives to surprise the unwary reader; rarely does he obey the "law" of unity of characterisation, and never

the law of unity of time and place; he delights in subplots.

In the fifty or more books that have appeared during the last two years, one occasionally hears a new note. Thus Mr. Pitkin, *op. cit.*, decides that "the short story is a narrative drama with a single effect," while Mr. Esenwein ("Studying the Short-Story") has modified slightly his rigid definition. Mr. C. Alphonso Smith ("The American Short Story," 1912) reaches the decision that unity of impression alone distinguishes the short story from the story that happens to be short. And Mr. H. S. Canby ("A Study of the Short Story," 1913), because "so much water has run under the bridges since the publication" of his first book, has come to believe that the short story is merely "a brief narrative, all of whose constituent parts unite to make a single impression upon the mind of the reader."

There is something very appropriate in the use of the word "water." How else can one characterise the dozens of volumes that are deluging American readers? There are books telling the amateur—sometimes, as in Miss M. H. Jordan's "The Art of Short-Story Writing Simplified," 1914, in fifty pages—how to write a short story and guaranteeing—as in Mr. Phillips's "The Plot of the Short Story," 1912, and "Art in Short-Story Narration," 1913—to "show the Way to Fame along the Road of Perfect Effort"; books, dozens of them, containing selected stories to be studied in public-school and college classes, and compiled "because in my teaching I have found no book suited to the needs of my students"; books expounding the theory of the short story, and placing it in so restricted a class that American magazine readers must decide that short stories are no longer being written.

Such a decision, too, will almost be reached by the desperate critic who reads every new book published on the short story. His mind becomes so muddled that he can hardly tell when it has received a single impression; and in that case how, pray, is he to tell a short story from a tale or a sketch? He will sympathise, at any rate, with the catholic tastes of the English writer who declared in *THE ACADEMY*, October, 1902: "The short story is not susceptible of any peculiar and distinctive definition. A short story is merely a short—story, and there's an end on it. . . . The only particular thing that can be postulated of a short story is its shortness. . . . Every novel would be a short story if it was short enough; and every short story would be a novel if it was long enough, and certain short stories and certain novels are obviously capable of an expansion or a contraction which would not mar, and might possibly increase, their impressiveness."

At present the highest ambition of every American school-teacher, story writer, critic, and magazine editor is to write a book on the short story. Innocent bystanders may well wonder at this much ado about nothing, and may well think that greater good would result from the writing of fewer treatises and of more real short stories.

H. E. ROLLINS, M.A.

Texas, U.S.A.

Then and Now

"Qui veid jamais vieillesse qui ne louast le temps passe et ne blamast le present?"

THE *Sieur de Montaigne* often hits off a plain truth in his quaint old French. Human nature seems to have been the same in his time as it is in ours, and, indeed, it needs no great effort of the imagination to picture Adam, when he felt his end drawing nigh at the ripe age of nine hundred and twenty-nine years mumbling to his son Seth, then a youth of nearly eight hundred, of the good old times in which he had not needed to work. So, too, Horace sighed for his lost youth in the days when Plancus was Consul, and men to this day vow that the world is going to the dogs.

This cheerless view of things first comes borne to a man when he is conscious of having reached middle age, a bleak hill-crest from which the pilgrim on life's way can neither look back without regret nor forward without horror. In brief occupation of this half-way house, he finds himself bereft of the hopefulness that expected to find happiness where the rainbow ends, the gay spirit in which

"L'enfant marche joyeux sans songeant au chemin";

and has not yet attained to the blessed indifference of old age, which, though sensible that things are not what they were, cheerfully bows to the inevitable.

Yet the middle-aged sportsman, particularly if he has loyally devoted the best leisure of his life to one recreation, should find it interesting to recall some of the changes that have come over it within his own memory. Then, according to his temperament, he may give thanks for either having known better times, or for having been spared to see old abuses swept away.

The balanced judgment will find something to be said on both sides. Take shooting. It is no longer the fashion to shoot a few brace of birds with dogs, as in Hawker's day. The present-day shooting man prefers to make immense bags by driving, a method that has been made popular not only by altered conditions of farming, but also by mechanical improvements in breech-loading guns. There are good sportsmen who find fault with the pomp and circumstance of such sport, the Gargantuan lunch, the press photographer in attendance; and such objections are more honest than those professed by vote-catching demagogues who make political capital out of these matters in order that they may set class against class. Yet even the old-fashioned sportsman, who not unreasonably objects to the wholesale methods of driving on the grand scale, will rarely be found to take exception to such modern improvements as smokeless powder and the single-trigger, hammerless ejector, though here and there, no doubt, a champion of the old order condemns even these. Those who used to shoot at Nuneham Park can still recall the late Aubrey Harcourt as he stood on the bridge on the Lock Beat and brought down mallard and pheasants with his father's old hammer gun and

such honest charges of black powder as shook the peaceful valley to the echo.

The fisherman can claim no great transformation in his sport. Only, I think, in the case of sea angling can any appreciable changes be traced to the past thirty years; and as the British Sea Anglers' Society, which a few of us inaugurated in the early days of 1893, has lately celebrated its coming of age, it may not be amiss to consider the recent progress made by this once despised branch of the gentle art.

Here, at least, is no call for the *laudator temporis acti* attitude, for the sea angler has nothing to regret in events which have left his sport immeasurably better than it was. The historian of that period would find no lack of material, for he would have to take notice of the first recorded capture of both tarpon and tuna on rod and line, as well as of the founding of both the London Society aforementioned and the Tuna Club of California. In home waters, moreover, several new and important sea fish have during the past twenty years been added to the angler's list, notably such heavy game as the skate and halibut of Irish waters and the tope of the English Channel. These are at best a very modest equivalent of the big game of American seas, but at least they are more redoubtable antagonists than the majority of our sea fish. The Irish skate and halibut seem to have been discovered to the angling world by the enterprise of several members of the British Sea Anglers' Society who went for their summer vacation to Ballycotton, and it has since been found that other Irish resorts afford similar, if not even better, sport. The capture of large tope, one of the few instances of any kind of shark-fishing being regarded in the light of sport, has been organised and perfected at Margate and Herne Bay by two sportsmen who must likewise take the credit of having invented the scientific capture of grey mullet by methods closely resembling those in use on the Thames, float, tackle and ground-bait being adapted to the conditions of tidal salt water. This also is an innovation of the last ten or fifteen years. Elsewhere, too, there have, in the same period, been slight improvements on earlier styles of fishing, notably in drifting up the Teign estuary for bass and in fly-fishing for many other kinds of fish from Filey Brigg.

Speaking generally, the most remarkable change that has come over the sport of sea fishing during the past quarter of a century is the growing popularity of the rod and corresponding decline of fishing with hand-lines. Much of this vogue of the rod in salt water has no doubt been the work of the British Sea Anglers' Society, but not all, since the first emphatic note in favour of "angling" in preference to "fishing" was sounded by "John Bickerdyke," who has since moved his tent to South Africa, in the first edition of his book, which appeared in 1887, six years before the Society was dreamed of. As a matter of fact, the cult of the rod has been a little overdone, as is the way with most reforms. In the majority of cases, it is, no doubt, the

more sportsmanlike way of catching fish, but there are occasions on which the handline should be used *sans peur et sans reproche*. Fishing for conger on a dark night is one of them, and fishing for mackerel from a fast sailing-boat is another. I found yet another in Australia; for when I loyally tried to use the rod for catching snapper from a steamer drifting over the in-shore reefs, I quickly came to the conclusion, not without the loss of much time and some tackle, that my Australian friends knew what was best in their own seas, and I thereafter used the same handlines as they. For pier-fishing, however, the rod should always be used, and, indeed, it is wonderful to see the bristling array of rods on most of our piers to-day and to recall the old handlines which a few stalwart amateurs, who were usually the object of public ridicule, flung out with heavy leads and monstrous hooks in my dim recollections of the early 'eighties.

If anyone should feel inclined to question the strides made in public favour by sea fishing during the past twenty years, he may quickly resolve his doubts by glancing at either the windows of the London tackle shops or the angling pages of the *Field*. When I was a lad, shops like Farlow's or Bernard's displayed no tackle then considered suitable for sea fishing beyond a few mackerel-lines ready mounted with flies and spinners, whereas to-day their stock of sea angling paraphernalia is second in importance and variety only to the outfit for salmon and trout. In like manner, although the *Fishing Gazette* had a partiality for sea fishing from its earliest days, it was not much before the eighteen-nineties that the *Field* responded to the growing interest in the new sport, heretofore regarded as *roturier*, by devoting to it an appreciable portion of its angling columns. I suppose that I have contributed on the subject to those columns from all parts of the world, and during the past twenty-four years I have never found in any of the three angling editors who between them have covered that period the slightest reluctance to give sea angling every opportunity of a publicity more coveted than any other in the periodical sporting literature of the world.

F. G. AFLALO.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons have ready for immediate publication the "Life of Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, K.B.," by Mr. Edward Salmon. This is the first serious attempt at a biography of Wolfe's admiral at Quebec. Mr. Salmon was induced to make it, first as the result of information gathered whilst he was writing his "Life of Wolfe"; secondly, because he discovered that there was more material available than has been commonly supposed; and thirdly, because of certain reflections which have been made on the part Saunders played as Wolfe's colleague. Some of Mr. Salmon's "finds" are said to be of quite dramatic interest from the naval and national point of view.

REVIEWS

American Spirit and French Finesse

My First Years as a Frenchwoman, 1876-1879. By MARY KING WADDINGTON. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE late Lord Lyons, who had known many peoples, was often emphatic in reiterating that he had *never* met a stupid American woman. Had he known no other than the delightful Madame Waddington, *née* Mary King, of the inner circle of American diplomats, his education in the highest grade of cosmopolitan lady of the States might well have been complete; for she is always charming, always acute, often delightfully candid, and never, *never* stupid. We have been permitted to know her well; for have we not already read three of her clever, *intime* books of observation and memoirs, and are we not writing after the leisurely pleasure of going with her, hand in hand, as it were, through her first years after becoming a Frenchwoman?

Perhaps there have always been rather exciting times in political Paris, but when the young bride came from Rome the spirit of France was more than usually restless. The Emperor Napoleon III and all his Court had so recently gone, the older royal lines were still important, the war with Germany was a fresh and bleeding wound, the internal chaos was complete. Such men as the charming Madame Waddington's husband, whose heads were clear, whose hearts were honest, saved the situation, and thus the author is enabled to give us a delightful picture of days of great importance already almost forgotten. This she can do with easy grace; her style is free, intimate, and full of charm; yet, like many Americans we know, she sometimes uses words in quite a different way from that in which we employ them. For example, speaking of the early days of MacMahon, when he was at the Préfecture at Versailles, she tells us of a then very agreeable hostess, the Princess Lize Troubetskoi. Madame Waddington says of her friend: "She was very eclectic in her sympathies, and every one went to her, not only French, but all foreigners of any distinction who passed through Paris. She gave herself a great deal of trouble for her friends, but also used them when she wanted anything." Was that to be eclectic? We should have thought it rather general or catholic in its kindness, rather pleasantly of the world in its desire to make use of any such personalities as the Fates might send; but, of course, it is a very small matter.

In another place she writes of the late Prince Frederick-Charles, the father of the present Duchess of Connaught, as the "Red Prince"; the name, she says, was given him by the French because during the war he was so hard and cruel and always ready to shoot somebody and burn down villages on the slightest provocation—"so different

from the 'unser Fritz' of the Germans, who always had a kind word for the fallen foe." When we were in Germany many years later, Frederick-Charles was still spoken of as the "Red Prince," but the name was supposed to have been given to him on account of the full beard of that colour which he wore, and, although he was known to have been a fairly hard soldier, no one ever spoke, in Germany, of any cruelty other than absurd and horrid wars invariably necessitate. This, however, is the only case in which Madame Waddington appears a little unfair. As a matter of fact, she had so many friends in all countries, and particularly in Germany, that she is quite above prejudice.

France, in the seventies of the nineteenth century, Madame Waddington found to be very indifferent as to the form of government carried on in the centre. She thinks that as long as the crops were fairly good, and sons and able-bodied men were not taken away to fight, no one cared whether a king, an emperor, or a president was at the head of affairs. She was told at the time that in some far-off villages, half-hidden in the forests and mountains, there were plenty of people who believed that a king and a Bourbon were reigning in France.

As may be imagined by those who know the author's books, there are plenty of lively stories one could quote from "First Years as a Frenchwoman." We hold our hand, as we consider that a rather unfair method of review. At the same time we can strongly advise those interested in the period to read the whole book; there are delicate and pathetic pictures as well as amusing ones. The one telling how Madame Carnot, after the death of her husband, prevented the young wife of Monsieur Casimir Périer from coming into the mourning Elysée is very touching. The sketches, too, of various friendships and some little hardships are excellent. The author found out the best in everyone, and Monsieur Waddington was the close friend of most of the interesting people of his day. Life with him, even when he was most engaged, is shown to have been both splendid and delightful in these pleasant pages.

Of his friendships, many were rooted in England. We remember a rather personal reference to him in the journals of Lady Charlotte Schreiber—the mother of the late and grandmother of the present Lord Wimborne. Writing towards the end of her life, in 1884, this famous connoisseur, and powerful benefactor of the South Kensington Museum, says, M. Waddington called upon her, and that she had not seen him since his appointment to London. She adds, "He was Charles Schreiber's earliest and best—I might say, his only friend. They were at Trinity together, rowed in the same boat, and were strongly attached all through life."

This interesting work of M. Waddington's widow gives us a hundred pictures of men who had "rowed in the same boat" as the accomplished politician, and found him the stoutest of oars and best of comrades. In fact, the appeal of the whole volume is to those who love life, but only care for it under circumstances of honour, good fellowship, and peace. EGAN MEW.

Recent Theology

The Historical Christ. By DR. F. C. CONYBEARE. (Watts and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Apostolic Religious Instruction. By Dr. R. CRAIG, M.A., D.D. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

Judaism and St. Paul. Two Essays. By C. G. MONTEFIORE. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Meaning of the Doctrine of the Communion of Saints. By the REV. JOHN VAWDREY, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)

The Value of the Theology of St. Paul for Modern Thought. By the REV. DR. ANDREWS. (The S.P.C.K. 6d. net.)

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. By the late J. M. NEALE, D.D. (H. R. Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE first book mentioned is issued by the Rationalist Press Association, and is an interesting example of the logomachies between Biblical critics. Dr. Conybeare analyses at length the theories of the Nihilistic school, such writers as Messrs. Drews, Robertson, and W. B. Smith, who allege that Christ never existed at all, but was a purely mythical personage. The historical method by which this remarkable deduction is obtained he exposes with a fine contempt. At the same time, the value of his own historical Christ will be understood from his statement that "it is barely credible that not a single one of the New Testament writers, except perhaps St. Paul, ever set eyes on Him or heard His voice"; and that "in the four Gospels all sorts of incredible stories are told about Him."

In "Apostolic Religious Instruction" Dr. Craig gives in twenty-six chapters a homiletical exposition of the first chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians. He writes from the high plane of one who desires to reach the heart through the ethics of Christ, as may be inferred from his apt remark that "speculation of late has received more attention than spiritual instruction."

The chief interest of Mr. C. G. Montefiore's essays lies in his explanation of the attitude of the modern liberal Jew to the theology and teaching of St. Paul. The modern Jew is a universalist. Therefore for him the whole basis of Pauline theology collapses, for it is "connected with a conception of the Old Testament that has passed away for ever." Nor does he believe in the atonement or reconciliation by a pre-existent divine Christ. In short, he is a Theist, who accepts simply the ethical teaching of St. Paul as expressed in the famous passage on faith, hope, and charity.

Dr. Andrews says that "one of the most pronounced features of current Christian thought is the desire to be emancipated from the tyranny of Pauline theology." He quotes the prophecy of Renan that, while Jesus is more alive than ever, the reign of Paul is coming to an end. But he believes that the modern revolt against St. Paul is a "perfectly natural recoil from the exaggerated emphasis accorded to Paulinism in Protestant theology." His aim, then, is to show that this view of Paulinism is a caricature rather than a true portrait of the man. To reach the soul and spirit of

St. Paul, a rigorous historico-critical method must be applied, which discounts the influences of Rabbinic and Greek thought. Readers of this valuable essay will find that there is a permanent value in Paulinism, when translated into the terms of modern thought and experience.

The Communion of Saints is an important, though much misunderstood, Article of Faith. This book is a most useful treatise on the scriptural authority and history of the doctrine, with an excellent chapter on prayer for the departed.

Clergy and others will welcome gladly this new edition of the devotional sermons of Dr. J. M. Neale, one of the greatest spiritual preachers of the last century.

Western and Eastern Opinions

The English Soul. By JACQUE VONTADE (Fœmina). Translated by H. T. PORTER. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

Impressions of British Life and Character. By the CHIEF OF ICHALKARANJI. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

A CRITIC must necessarily be in a measure disarmed when the author of a book begins by telling him that she regards his country with "intimate tenderness," that to her the remembrances of the people she met when visiting its shores were among the happiest she has known, and that her greatest desire is the furtherance of the glory and prosperity of the country she loves so well. Throughout the book the author has been at great pains to find the *raison d'être* for all our idiosyncrasies. Her method has been to take an outstanding quality, good or bad, to search for its origin, and then trace its development—the causes giving it birth and the various influences at work fostering its growth—until it stands revealed in its present transition.

To find a reason for the restless energy typical of the Englishman, the author offers varying opinions. According to her, the Saxons were the only race who actually penetrated the depths of the primitive soil. "They absorbed all they touched. . . . The base of the English character is undoubtedly Germanic." Yet she goes on to deny that we resemble in any way the modern German, and throws the reason for the dissimilarity on the climate, "because even on the finest days there is fog in England." Does our climate, then, differ so very much from that of Northern Germany, or even from Normandy, and is there always fog in England? Are not the Roman sojourner, the Norman invader, the Danish and Saxon pirate all in their way responsible for the production of this English soul?

Again, our author considers that in our zeal for action we are capable often of leaping without looking, that tenacity of purpose alone carries us safely over many a dangerous way. The English "are not very intelligent—taken in the mass. . . . They comprehend slowly and with difficulty." This is probably a natural inference for a French person to draw. He is quick

to understand; he lets you know he is quick. He gives you back the answering smile, the ready look of comprehension; but we would hazard a guess that the Englishman is quicker still. He has grasped the situation in all its details, sifted and arranged in his mind the evidence for and against the suggestion, but he is not going to betray the fact of his knowledge until he conceives that a convenient time has arrived for its exposure.

Exaggerations there are, a judging from exceptions also. A typical Englishman is not "converted." He is instructed in the truths of his Church from his infancy, and has no need of sudden and emotional forms of "saving." The stern Puritanism of the Gosses was not the outcome of any English reformer's zeal. Calvin, a Frenchman, not the Anglican Church, called forth such pious, dreary souls. But discrepancies notwithstanding, the book is a tonic at once strengthening and refreshing to the English soul. We heartily welcome it and the kindly, courteous, and brave endeavour of Madame Vontade to place her impressions before us. All is interesting, much is true, and we can always assure our author that we shall never turn a deaf ear to anything she has to say to us—even if we remain just as we were before the attack.

The Chief of Ichalkaranji's book is an entirely different affair. His "impressions" have either been edited until they cease to be impressions at all or the meaning of the word is not sufficiently clear to an Oriental mind. The account may serve as a record of his European tour and be welcomed by his Indian friends, but it leaves an Englishman very little the wiser as to what a fellow-subject actually thought of the Mother Country.

There are pages and pages in the following strain:—

We stayed at Lyons for only two days. Famous for its silk manufactures, it is in France second only to Paris in population and commercial importance, and presents a very picturesque appearance with the two rivers. . . .

A famous limestone cave, called the Kent Cavern, stands about a mile and a half from Torquay, and amply repays a visit. The Cavern is more than a quarter of a mile in length, and the height ranges from five to twenty feet.

Valuable geographical and guide-book information, doubtless, but there are already many excellent geographies and quite a number of books on Devonshire.

We gather that the Chief does not disapprove of English customs—in fact, that he considers many of them admirable; but the book is English right through, and at that very non-committal and "safe." No searching criticism throws its blazing light upon our failings, no well-merited meed of praise causes the blood to flow quicker through our veins. If our neighbour, Madame Vontade, is too much a Westerner for the Chief of Ichalkaranji to gather the kind of book that is worth writing, he might with profit study the methods of another Oriental, Yoshio Markino, and in the next volume he issues let us have his real thoughts and not a revised edition compiled in a very gentlemanly and gentle-like manner.

An Historic Church

St. Margaret's, Westminster: The Church of the House of Commons. By CANON H. F. WESTLAKE, M.A. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is sometimes stated that this famous Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was founded by Edward the Confessor, who reigned A.D. 1042-1066: and, sometimes, that it was founded in or soon after his time. Canon Westlake, having examined every document, states that "the earliest history of the Church of St. Margaret is enveloped in an obscurity from which it will probably now never emerge." All that has been established is that the Church was flourishing some years before the middle of the twelfth century, and no more can be stated with definite certainty. Against the tradition of a foundation by the Confessor it is urged that St. Margaret of Antioch was unknown in England before the time of the Crusades, and churches were not built in her honour until the twelfth century. It was, however, the Church of a parish of forty-four square miles, and was re-built in the time of Edward I, and has been considerably altered at intervals since then. It was built apparently to provide for the crowds who frequented the Abbey, when the parish Church stood within the old Abbey Church.

The churchwardens' accounts between 1460 and 1618, occupying 92 pages of the book, contain much information as to former manners and customs besides the mere figures. Canon Westlake has much to say of the relations of the Church to the Abbey. In 1387 a Court of Chivalry was held within the Church. The vicissitudes which St. Margaret's experienced from 1540 to 1660, times of spoliation, actual demolition, desecration, and restoration are faithfully recorded, as well as the religious fraternities connected with the church. It is generally supposed that the plague visited London only in 1665-6. But the records show that, in forty-nine years of the period 1570-1666, there was plague "intermittent indeed and often negligible, but sufficiently continuous to overshadow the brighter years with its consequences": the visitation culminated and ended in 1666, in which the dead numbered nearly 3,000. On Sunday, April 17, 1614, the House of Commons attended St. Margaret's for the first time in its official capacity: the tercentenary of this connection has lately been solemnised. A particular pew for the Speaker was assigned in 1682. Considerable sums have been granted by Parliament for repairs to the Church. In describing St. Margaret's as it exists at the present day, Canon Westlake deals fully with the windows and monuments to distinguished persons, such as Raleigh, Blake, Caxton, Milton, and of modern times Arnold-Foster, Eversley, Hatherley, Erskine May, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and others. The Church is naturally overshadowed by Westminster Abbey, and many persons will be surprised to learn that St. Margaret's possesses so long a history and so many points of interest, ecclesiastical, antiquarian, economic, and monumental.

Shorter Reviews

Report of a Zoological Mission to India in 1913. By Captain S. S. FLOWER. (Government Press, Cairo. 5s.)

ZOOLOGICAL gardens deserve encouragement wherever they can be established. There is no need to labour the arguments for them. The objects of Captain Flower's mission were to gain knowledge, for the Cairo garden, from the experience of zoological gardens in India, and to develop the exchange of surplus animals between India and Egypt. His task was performed in the hottest months of last year, when he travelled over 7,000 miles by sea and nearly 8,000 miles by land. His report shows how thoroughly he executed his mission. There are at least twelve such gardens at principal towns in India, two of them owned by Maharajas, the rest by the Government or Municipalities. Eight out of the twelve give free admission, the others levy a small charge. While the London gardens cover 31 acres, several of those in India, where land is cheaper, have an area of over 100 acres. Captain Flower gives a scientific analysis of the classes of animals in each collection, and in his comparative table awards the palm throughout to the Calcutta Zoo. Many of his observations on zoological matters are of considerable interest. He is evidently sceptical as to elephants living in India beyond fifty years. His information about Indian crocodiles is extensive; he mentions three undoubted instances of *gharials* killing men, though they are supposed to feed entirely upon fish. The *pinrapols*, or asylums for decrepit animals, must be gruesome sights; they represent misdirected kindness on the part of pious supporters. The flights of thousands of birds returning to roost at various tanks are described as marvellous. The keeping of wild animals is not free from danger; at Calcutta a hippopotamus killed its keeper. The Madras Aquarium is apparently the only one in India. This little work should be circulated on the Continent also, and materially assist in the interchange of zoological exhibits.

Memories of John Westlake. With Portraits. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

"MEMORIES" is scarcely an appropriate term of description for a series of critical appreciations of a man and his work. We are not in the least reflecting upon the excellence of the essays in which a number of authors add their measure of tribute to the memory of a great lawyer. The name of Westlake is a household word in the domain of international law and international politics. We use the latter phrase in place of the misnomer, "international law." A deal of confusion would be obviated if such misleading terms were avoided, at least in matters appertaining to the hypothetically exact study of law.

Westlake was equally eminent in both of the so-called "branches" of the subject, which in reality are totally distinct studies. No man has ever done more towards arriving at a correct solution of the problems which from time to time confronted and confront national tribunals in questions of international law, *e.g.*, domicile. In the sphere of international politics his services in connection with the Venezuelan Arbitration were in themselves sufficient to make his memory cherished. But the man was never lost in the lawyer, as the concluding essay of this volume well testifies. His eminently sane and just attitude towards the Home Rule crisis of his day might with advantage to all parties concerned be emulated at the present time. Westlake was so truly great that it almost goes without saying that he was tolerant of the opinions of others. No man with any real regard for truth is other than tolerant. Alas, that the Westlakes of politics are so rare in our generation!

A Grammar of Late Modern English. Part II. Section I, A. By H. POUTSMA. (P. Noordhoff, Groningen, and Dawson and Sons, London. 12s.)

MODERN grammar is by no means a dull science, and there is plenty of meat to be picked from the bones of a language. Herr Poutsma has strung together a vast number of examples to support his classification, and his industry and logic command our admiration. His chapter on the adnominal use of nouns is particularly sound and original. Occasionally a criticism is suggested: "St. Ewold's (Trol., Barch. Tow.) stands successively for St. Ewold's Church, St. Ewold's parsonage, the living of St. Ewold, the parish of St. Ewold." Would not the old-fashioned explanation of ellipse reconcile these cases more satisfactorily? We have never known "sweepstake in the singular to denote a person who wins all." Expressions like "America's trade" and "Oxford's development" we have always placed in the category of "journalistic genitives," but we suppose they must now be numbered among the facts of the language.

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The Land of the Lotus. By J. M. GRAHAM. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 5s. net.)

THIS is a very pleasant and unpretentious book about India. The author approaches her subject less in the spirit of the historian than in that of the tourist. There are no attempts at fine writing; there is no carefully prepared "atmosphere." The author simply describes what she herself has seen. Throughout the volume, it is the lighter side of Indian life that is chiefly dwelt upon. Indeed, the book might almost be described as a domestic chronicle. Yet of adventures the writer has experienced not a few. The difference between India and England is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the passage on page 19, which describes how the writer landed at Colombo at 2 p.m., "and walked up from the quay in the revealing and deceiving light of a full moon." These early afternoon moons are always apt to be "deceiving"! The narrative ambles pleasantly along. The mosquito nuisance, the blackbeetle terror, the miseries of a monsoon, the discomfort of the Indian morning bath, the manners of Hindu servants—these are but a few of the topics glanced at, hastily discussed, and thrown aside. A visit is paid to the Taj Mahal, and there are chapters on Delhi, Bombay, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Calcutta, and the sacred city of Benares. On the whole, it may be said that the book, while lacking in profundity, makes for entertainment, and there is a sort of infectious good humour about the writer which is wholly admirable.

The Freedom of the Press in Egypt: An Appeal to the Friends of Liberty. By KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 1s. net.)

MR. KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL, a prominent member of the Coptic community in Egypt, is well known as a man of education and ability. On more than one occasion he has been instrumental in bringing matters which concern his co-religionists and fellow-countrymen to the notice of the British Parliament. The pamphlet before us is issued in order to draw attention to what the author regards as the undue rigour of the Anglo-Egyptian authorities in exercising censorship over the Egyptian Press. Mr. Mikhail quotes his own experience in journalism as an example of the grievance of which he complains. We are not in a position to judge the quarrel between Mr. Mikhail and the Press Bureau of the Egyptian Ministry of the Interior, but other cases which he cites in support of his appeal lead us to conclude that he has not duly weighed certain prime factors in the matter. The spirit of unrest which was so prevalent in Egypt before Lord Kitchener's appointment was largely due to the inability of not a few editors of the vernacular Press in discriminating between liberty and licence. The authorities were in consequence compelled to take action, and this, while it may have imposed a somewhat galling restraint on well-intentioned fervour in individual instances, was unquestionably to the advantage of the whole community.

Fiction

Justice of the Peace. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Eveleigh Nash. 6s.)

THE interest of Martin Moir, the hero of this novel, in art, was incomprehensible to his mother, even when as a boy he sketched untiringly. "Artists" meant to her not persons seriously striving to express the beauty of the world, but persons of loose character whose intimacy with the human form was base and immoral. Her displeasure at his choice of a career showed itself by her comments on his work. It was "terrible" that he should draw from "real girls"; his sketches were "quite nice"; and Martin suffered the continuous pin-pricks which are galling when they come from any small soul convinced of its exquisite moral outlook, but which are maddening when that small soul belongs to one we love. His father, Ebenezer Moir, cloth merchant and justice of the peace, had the glorious gift of humour and reason, and he backed his son up, throughout the years of study, in a manner which was very disconcerting to the mother. She, however, took refuge in "freak" societies, meetings, gatherings for "doing good" and reforming the world, and all the time, even when Martin had grown famous, kept herself estranged from him. She would be almost incredible in her conceit and stupidity, did we not know that such people exist. Her curious, contradictory pride in her son, which led her to boast of his successes to her friends while withdrawing herself from all intimacy with his thoughts or aspirations, is a natural touch which shows keen observation.

The picture of the father, upright, strong enough to give in to others when needful—though the penalty of a half-humorous, half-pathetic concession to his wife was to be thought "weak"—is one of the best things Mr. Niven has done. For that alone the book is well worth reading. But its theme is the antagonism of mother and son, the mother who "thinks there is joy in the presence of the angels over a boat-load of Sunday trippers drowned," and it works out to a tragic conclusion. It is a debatable point whether this final tragedy does not come too heavily; to us it does not seem inevitable. A keen, satirical wit enlivens the whole book, and there are many memorable passages describing Glasgow, where the events, for the most part, are laid. The impulse of this novel, however, would carry the story through in any city, for the characters are intensely real, from the men of the cloth warehouse where young Martin tried hard to succeed, to the charming girl with whom he fell in love. Very fine indeed is the scene where Mr. Moir, driven to the breaking-point, has a "straight talk" with his wife; the whole attitude of the man, restrained and courteous until he can bear his wife's treatment of their artist-son no longer, is splendidly bitten in. "Ellen Adair" left us pleased; this book leaves us thinking that Mr. Niven can do great things. But he must be careful of his gift of satire, and cautious in the handling of tragedy as a finishing stroke.

Second Nature. By JOHN TRAVERS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

TO inherit a fortune of £20,000 a year from a distant relative, who wished to wreak his spite against the pride of the Westfields of Wovington, our hero Jim had to conform to the conditions of the will within twelve months of the death of the old man. These were unusual and almost impossible—marriage with a woman who had served a term of imprisonment, in order that he, Jim Westfield, should enlarge his knowledge of human nature and provide an opportunity for reformation to one who had sinned against her country's laws, at some date previous to the death of the testator.

For eleven and a half months Jim fought against the ordeal. But having no money, and seeing his estate going to ruin, he eventually married a young girl who had been imprisoned for two years for manslaughter. The girl was very beautiful, but uneducated, having been a mill-hand, brought up amongst the lowest class of people. His friends rallied round him and tried to make the best of a bad job. But the girl's manners were impossible; for example, in the middle of a dinner-party at a town house she called down the table to her husband to throw over an apple! The lives of Jim and Joan became impossible in English society, and the man made up his mind to leave the country. Abroad, things improved greatly; and much to his own surprise, Jim found himself in love with his own wife. Frightened and uncouth, Joan had loved her husband passionately from the first, but was much too shy to let anyone know this. A new and delightful life is unfolding for husband and wife, when a terrible tragedy ends all.

Sunrise Valley. By MARION HILL. (John Long. 6s.)

MISS MARION HILL cannot be congratulated on the originality of her plots. In "The Lure of Crooning Water" she chose an actress, weary of town life, seeking rest and change amid fresh surroundings. In "Sunrise Valley," Blanche, a schoolmistress, leaves her aunt's luxurious mansion in New York and goes to take up her duties in a remote country district. There is again the taciturn farmer, at first very rude to the young visitor, but the reader knows that before the end of the story he will declare his long-pent-up passion for the lady who has many times decided that she hates him. The mothers' day at the school is very well described, but the short time it takes Miss Dering to gain ascendancy over her pupils is a little unconvincing. Throughout this book, as well as one or two others lately published, there is a tendency on the part of the author to put stress upon heredity. We wonder whether this is going to be the stamp of the latest fiction.

Messrs. Black are adding Mr. A. W. Holland's new book on "Germany" to their well-known "Making of the Nations Series." The work gives a concise and complete account of the German nation.

The Purple Frogs. By H. W. WESTBROOK and L. GROSSMITH. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 6s.)

WE had to read nearly half this story before the authors assured us that the frogs were only pyjama frogs; in this assurance we read on to the end. There are in reality two stories; in the first of them, the hero decided to write a novelette, which he would read to his wife and the man with whom he suspected her of undue affection; that novelette forms the second story, sandwiched into the first and vital one.

We term the first of the two stories vital only by comparison, for it is given as a real-life picture, while the other is confessedly a story; there is, as a matter of fact, very little vitality about either, for both are written with detached cleverness of the annoying kind. No character seems real, and we find ourselves unable to work up any great degree of interest, except in Vaughan—the manservant who very nearly succeeds in being amusing with his various inventions. Cicely, Ann, Stephen Kensington, and Isambard Flanders, are all obviously puppets on which to hang witticisms while they dance to the authors' music—there are musical illustrations to the book, by the way. On the whole, it is the very last word in cleverness.

Not that any sane reader can object to cleverness, but other qualities are needed to balance it. In order to gain a public an author must evince some sympathy with his characters, and that quality is missing here, while the quality of portraiture—as distinct from cynical caricature—is also missing. We hesitate to call such work as this humorous—we hardly know what to call it, but can assure intending readers that it is extremely modern, and quite devoid of sentiment.

Wayfarers' Library

THE new items in Messrs. Dent's "Wayfarers' Library" for May are exceptionally interesting. The critic will be pleased to see a republication of Mr. Austin Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Studies," and, although the author describes his essays as "restricted samples," all who know them are well aware of their value. "Prophets, Priests and Kings," by Mr. A. G. Gardiner, deals with a remarkably mixed collection of notable men; we have Keir Hardie next to Sir Edward Grey, Florence Nightingale adjoining John Redmond, and Lord Rosebery close to "General" Booth. If the essays are not distinguished by any very illuminating criticism, they are still interesting and cover an astonishing amount of ground. In fiction, "Rudder Grange," by Frank Stockton, is welcome for the sake of memories of amusement which it inspired in us more years ago than we care to recall; and "The Wonderful Visit" by Mr. H. G. Wells, which first appeared, we believe, nearly twenty years ago, may prove to those who have never read it a revelation of the simpler style which its author seems to have lost. The publishers are to be congratulated on the dainty appearance of these little volumes and upon the quality of the illustrations.

Navajo

THUS is the name spelt, but the *j* is softened in Spanish fashion. Only the other day, going through drab Islington, I heard raucous voices singing:

"Down in the sand-hills of New Mexico
There lives an Indian may-aid,
One of the tribe they call the Navajo,
Face of a copper shade."

Two hobbledehoyes and two girls, who had been drinking ale, cake-walked arm in arm down the street, shrilling this song to the depressing rabbit-hutches. I suppose they were trying to make the best of it; but it was not a noble picture. I had heard the air before—who has not? And, to my shame and to the horror of classicists I confess, had been delayed by it, hearing it rendered by an orchestra of vagabond violinist, flautist, harpist, before a public-house door. I had recalled, to bolster up that part of me that relished, against the part of me that condemned, the well-known comment of Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, on the possibly not unworthy effect of "that vulgar and tavern music."

But I experienced a deep stab, hearing it now, in grey Islington, sung thus (if "sung" is permissible) by two young men with faces vacant rather than depraved—more vacant than the face of the most blank Digger Indian—I cannot insult the Navajo by comparison—and by these poor girls, cheaply festooned as never was Indian maid, cake-walking down the street in a manner that the average Indian maid (even one fallen from grace, thanks to neighbouring railroad construction or tie-cutting camp) would consider immodest and unbecoming. And I willingly allowed my real self to be transported from Islington, as on a magic carpet, four thousand miles away, evading thus not only the customs men and hotel touts, but the sky-scrapers and sky-signs, and the tremolo piano-organs of half another Continent. I found myself in the hooded "rig," with slapping leathern blinds, swaying through dust behind a team of four, on the way into Navajo-land.

The Navajo—seeing that we have them in a ditty sung in Islington we may as well know something about them—live, as the song says, in New Mexico; also in Arizona. Ages ago they lived far north; in what is to-day Northern Canada, two thousand miles or more from their present home. It is doubtful whether they retain any legends telling of that stupendous trek. They are reticent with whites. Even at their tribal dances, unlike the Hopi, they are shy of the white on-looker unless he be a proved friend. But their southern neighbours, the Apache, have, as have the Navajo, knowledge that they too came from far north. They came from somewhere up toward the Arctic circle, "the land of little sticks," to the land of the cactus; from blizzard and northern lights to sand-storm and mirage. The reason for that wholesale migration is lacking—at least so far as sympathetic inquirers have been able to

discover. The cause, it is to be feared, is one of the minor lost stories of the world.

Not only myths testify to this odyssey, but their language does. These peoples are both of the Athabaskan stock, and a Dog-Rib from the MacKenzie River would not need to use much of the sign-language in conversing with a Navajo of Arizona. That mighty trek must have been undertaken long before the stray Arab horses of the Spaniard came whinnying up on to the plains. Dogs would drag the "travois." They have legends, if not of leaving the north, of their beginnings south. From the Pueblo tribes of the south-west, in occupancy on their arrival, they learnt much. A strange people these, with a semi-civilisation—not in the making, but in decadence; so say the savants of the Smithsonian Institute, who have been amazed at their knowledge—of astronomy, for example.

The greatest change came over the marauding Navajo when they discovered—and stole—a flock of sheep. The Rio Grande is given, in their myths, as the place of that fortunate freebooting. Thereafter they came into the condition, step by step, in which they were when white men first saw them. They desisted gradually from their raids, leaving rapine to the Apache. Their women folk learnt the art of weaving from the Hopi men. The sedentary Indians gave them hints on the growing of peaches and melons and beans.

The Navajo gradually settled down to a pastoral life, living in scattered families over a tract of land large as Pennsylvania. For generations they have been self-supporting, their inter-tribal trade all that they required—bartering blankets to the Utes (to north of them) for baskets, for they do little in basketry; trading with the Pueblos for the beautiful pots these people make. Their beads they were wont to barter from the Zuñi; but they have many skilful silversmiths in the tribe who make elegant ornaments—wristlets, ear-rings, and finger-rings—from Mexican silver dollars and native turquoises. They have lived their lives, self-supporting, self-sufficient, down in that eerie and fascinating land. Of late years they have gone in more and more for weaving, and their blankets have now a market far from local.

But to-day they are in rather a predicament. A few years ago the Government of the United States, seeing very wisely that the reservation and communal life was turning the Indian, in too many localities, into a beggar and pauper—a pauper often left scantily provided for, despite treaties, when the agent in charge happened to be a rogue who intercepted instead of distributed—decreed that the Indian was to have his one hundred and sixty acres of land and become a citizen of these United States. Great was the joy of the land-grabbers down in the south-west, in the neighbourhood of the Navajo country. But the Navajo did not rejoice. Here was a case of "the letter of the law—which killeth." No matter how carefully the hundred and sixty acres per man might be selected, the Navajo would be made paupers if, on their desert land, that law were enforced.

Five hundred acres per head has been computed, by those who are fighting for the Navajo, as necessary—and, even granted that, it is essential to his life that he remain a nomad. His land being mostly desert, it is only by moving as the seasons and the rains decree that he has been able to be what he is—self-supporting, asking nothing of the Government. The trouble is not simplified when it is discovered that the Navajo are not decreasing. They have recovered, more successfully than many other tribes, from that first cruel shock of white civilisation that extends the right hand to shake in friendliness, and smites a knock-out blow with the left. They are, indeed, probably on the increase. The official census return is much below the estimate of population made by friends of the Navajo. But they can hardly be expected to be so deeply interested in the white man's census as to run after the enumerator. They number, it is thought, over 28,000.

They achieved, long since, what the Government always has declared as its hope for the Indian—self-support; and that not by the chase, but by those very pursuits that Government (has it not said so in a thousand pow-wows?) wishes to see an Indian adopt. But what is said in the Council House is one thing; what is done in the desert is another. And woe-betide any Navajo shepherds who fall foul of white herders when leading their flocks from pasture to pasture over the passes of the Coconino country. For the white men say that they were there first!

As we sing our music-hall song, down in the sand-hills of New Mexico and Arizona the Navajo are fighting for existence, fighting for life against their nominal and self-created guardians.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

Indian Reviews

IN the *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) for March and April it is stated that Brahmin pundits in conference at Calcutta resolved to excommunicate all persons returning from foreign countries except those engaged in commercial dealing. The editor regards the effort "as useless as it is ridiculous." He also comments on the co-operative moment, as at present run, as being no better than a money-lending agency, not worked in directions which will add to the wealth of the country. The solution of the South African troubles by the report of the recent Commission is welcomed as satisfactory; its effect on India should be favourable. Evidently the project of a State Bank will receive much prejudiced criticism before it assumes shape, if it ever does; already the attempt is made to disparage its subjection to a directorate of foreign merchants bent on injuring the interests of the general taxpayer! An Indian writer enumerates the various obstacles which social and religious ideas in India offer to its economic progress. For this, at any rate, the Government is not to blame. The appointment of a paid Vice-Chancellor

of the Calcutta University is not approved by the editor. This payment is a new departure. The review loses no opportunity of opposing the introduction of religious education into schools; it rightly attributes the ill-success of education to the failure of the family system. The Madras authorities clearly contemplate granting to local boards the power of local taxation. This may have serious consequences. To the poor, taxation is a burden, whoever imposes it; it will always be ascribed to the Government. There is a demand for agricultural education in Madras, and it is proposed to open ten more agricultural farms. The Government is, of course, blamed for not having done more already. The Asiatic Exclusion Bill, pending before the United States Congress, is naturally attracting attention in India; in this matter the Americans have a perfect right to decide as they please.

The *Collegian and Progress of India* (Calcutta) for March 31 summarises the proposals for a University at Patna; they seem sound and reasonable; but the initial cost has been estimated at over half a million sterling, and the recurring charges will exceed £66,000 a year—a large additional sum to devote to one item in high education. The foundation-stone of a Women's Medical College has been laid at Delhi. This is apparently another device for booming the new capital; many a more salubrious site might have been selected. The Educational Budget for the year shows satisfactory progress, except in technical schools; in Bengal also a quinquennial review exhibits great advance in education. Bombay, like Calcutta, is starting a school of tropical medicine; there is room for both. A history of Hindu Mineralogy by an Indian professor contains much interesting matter. Though the ancient Hindus were ignorant of modern science and mechanical appliances, they knew something of the use of metals and gems in arts, industries, and handicrafts. The best course for modern enterprise is to follow the indications of ancient workings, while adopting modern methods. It is remarkable that so able a man as the Bishop of Madras should advocate secondary education through the medium of the vernaculars.

The thirtieth Royal Naval and Military Tournament came to its conclusion at Olympia on Saturday last. It proved throughout to be more popular than ever, and it is satisfactory to note that in both the objects aimed at—the advantage of the military and naval charities and the encouragement of skill in the many departments of the Army and Navy—the success of this year has surpassed all previous records. Perhaps the most interesting feature to outsiders is the competition between the naval field batteries, in which the smartness and agility of our sailors in tackling difficulties and handling the guns is exhibited with splendid effect. This and the tug-of-war—in which the Royal Marine Artillery after some long and exciting struggles won the Challenge Cup and first prize—proved very popular. The whole series of events was admirably managed, and representatives of the Press were given every advantage by the courteous and energetic secretary of that department.

The Theatre

"The Little Lamb"

PERHAPS you may recollect the queer story of Samuel Rogers—the wit, careful poet, and banker—in connection with the beautiful Lady Dufferin, who was immensely charming, like all the Sheridans. Somehow, at an evening entertainment, when Rogers was very old, he was left suddenly in the dark with his beautiful friend. He took her hand in his. "Ah, my dear," he said, "if I were only seventy-one again!"

We feel a little like that as we watch Mr. Michael Faraday's production of the translation of "Die Spanische Fliege" by Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Carrick from the German farce, at the Apollo Theatre.

If only we had not seen all the funniest French farces—shall we say?—some years ago, "The Little Lamb" would certainly have been more entertaining. As it stands, its great victory is the amusing acting of such accomplished personages of the theatre as Mr. Nigel Playfair, Mr. Arthur Whitby, and Mr. Rudge Harding.

The plot is a complicated piece of cunning mechanism such as must have been fairly familiar to French playgoers forty years before Mr. Franz Arnold and Mr. Ernst Bach wrote it in German. The names of the characters are French; the scene is, we suppose, in France, as it is a room in Max Dubonnet's house. But the names do not sound French on the British tongues which utter them, and the scene is far too much inclined to force itself on the audience and to belittle the actors to suggest a French environment. The wit which has suggested translating the title "Die Spanische Fliege" into "The Little Lamb" have, no doubt, made many other alterations which bring the humours of the farce within that which is supposed to be the English taste. But, taken in the proper spirit of youth that is free, the play remains distinctly naughty.

Twenty-five years ago, when everybody in the play was young, a Spanish dancer dawned upon the romantic vision of the grey and respectable people we now see. The lady came, was loved, and went her way. Later, several of the men received a photograph of a nice little boy, with the legend on the back, "I am, Your Little Lamb." They kept this matter to themselves.

Already marriage and that sort of thing, including membership of Purity Leagues, had settled upon these gentlemen, who went on paying the Spanish dancer for twenty-five years under the impression that each was secretly a father.

Dubonnet, Mr. Whitby, is one of the most amusing of regretful sinners; for the purposes of the play, he keeps the photograph, letters, and so forth, and, also for the purposes of the play, he has a severe wife who happens to be made very distinguished and real by Miss Helen Haye. She also happens to have arranged with her old friend Madame Lafitte, Miss Kate Bishop, that young Lafitte shall marry the Dubonnet daughter.

This Henri is delightfully played by Mr. Nigel Playfair. To most of the characters he appears as the son of the dancer. To the Dubonnet girl he seems a muff, but to a charming relation of the family, Mimi Barribal—made a sort of musical-comedy gay beauty by Miss Laura Cowie—he seems very nice, so he eventually has his reward, but not until he has been knocked about by various supposed fathers, after such a fashion that he is obliged to own that he will never sit down again. But why trouble about the plot? It is all very brisk and bright, and has plenty of broadly comic situations and some witty dialogue.

With all these advantages "The Little Lamb" found no favour with the public, or was it that this rather antique farce failed to please the management. At any rate, it has now, we regret, been retired from active service at the Apollo.

"Dido and Æneas"

THIS abridged version of a four-act tragedy in verse by Madame A. von Herder is occasionally written in rather a halting fashion, loaded with well-worn old poetic similes and lines which are not remarkable for beauty of sound, happy diction, or dramatic power. But as the story advances we find a somewhat new Æneas explaining to his beloved and loving Dido that he must go about his business, "that love encircles not the whole of us," and thus bringing down upon himself the lady's very elaborate and complete curse. Then the verse becomes less artificial, sometimes powerful, almost thrilling, and lines and even passages delight one. Later, when the Queen of Carthage has considered the matter, seen the Dardan chieftain once more, and changed her hate back again to love, we have some well-written scenes and effective language.

As the Dido of many long speeches, Miss Edyth Olive spoke with great distinction, often with deep feeling and passion, but we could not help thinking that she was sometimes rather wearied with her lover, her character, or her audience at the Ambassadors' Theatre, and wished she had not quite so much to say.

Miss Marie Vantini, who has produced so many plays for the Drama Society, gave some note of brightness to the part of the Queen's nurse, Barce, but the general effect of Madame von Herder's tragedy is depressing. This is not, we think, accounted for by the writing, but rather by the action and the foregone conclusion of an affair about which one already knows the root of the matter.

As Æneas, Mr. Shayle Gardner, who is in Mr. Kenelm Foss's company, looked handsome and heroic of figure, but the author makes him appear as a subjugated personage, gentle in manner and regretful—rather a domesticated chieftain whose passion needed the spur. Mr. Rathmell Wilson played Jarbas, the head of the Numidian tribe, with considerable fire and effect; we have not previously seen this earnest actor to so much advantage; which goes to prove, no doubt,

that the part of the angry lover of Dido is especially well written. All the minor parts were played with great sincerity. Among these, Miss Rose Yule, as the High Priestess of Ashtareth, was remarkably impressive and beautiful.

We have been told that the author of "Dido and Aeneas," who is the granddaughter of Von Herder, the friend of Goethe, is going into the Far East in search of local colour for a new play. It will, we feel sure, be greatly to the advantage of her work if she appeals directly to nature rather than to her scholarship for her inspiration; if she wears her learning more lightly and simplifies her mode of expression. It is very nice to be clever, but it is more charming when writers can show us that they are gifted without appearing to wish to display such qualities.

EGAN MEW.

"Mr. Wu"

A SECOND visit to the Strand Theatre, last Tuesday evening, on the occasion of the two-hundredth performance of this remarkable play, leaves us still admiring the skill with which Mr. Matheson Lang takes the part of the impassive Chinese mandarin. If, upon consideration, we feel that the Englishman was too bluff, too blustering, and too easily borne down by the stone-wall persistence of Wu; if we realise, also, that none but a very unbusiness-like business man would have discussed the doings of the all-powerful Wu in a loud voice while a Chinese clerk was in the same room, obviously alert and listening, there yet remains a strong impression of vitality about the play. Miss Lilian Braithwaite's horror at the revengeful attentions of the Chinaman are sufficiently real, and the scene of the poisoning, where Mr. Wu's cunning over-reached itself, gave a powerful thrill to the majority of the audience, judging by the gasps and suppressed murmurs of horror that were heard. The unpleasant aspect of the whole thing is the domination of the Englishman, who is fooled at every turn; but no one seems to resent this—the general interest of the play overrides it, probably. To the actors high praise is due, for they have difficult parts. The setting, too, is effective, especially that of the third act, where Mr. Wu is "at home" to the trapped English lady. We must add a word of congratulation to "The Entertainers," who gave a delightful musical and merry half-hour before the curtain rose on the more serious business of the evening.

"Sunny Spain"

THE opening ceremony of the Anglo-Spanish Travel Exhibition, which occupies Earl's Court for the summer season this year, was performed by the Lord Mayor of London in full state on Thursday, May 28, at noon. Unfortunately, many of the invited visitors crushed forward into the roped enclosure and rather spoiled the effect; had they retained their positions,

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all might have seen and heard excellently, whereas in the event the pleasure was spoiled for nearly everybody, the guard of honour was completely engulfed by the crowd, and the impressiveness of the function was marred. However, the main thing was to declare the Exhibition open. It was not fully invested in the matter of side-shows, but the minstrels of "Sunny Spain" gave some excellent music, and, later on, well-known military bands provided promenade concerts which were well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The model railway is a capital feature, and there are many additional attractions this year which greatly add to the pleasure of a visit. Earl's Court is now more than a mere centre of amusement—it should prove of considerable educational value to those who are not familiar with Spanish scenery or customs.

Music

MR. HOLBROOKE has so often been hailed as the pioneer of British music that he must have begun almost to dread the title. Everyone has heard of the Athenian who, having voted for the ostracism of Aristides, gave as the sole reason for his action that he was tired of hearing him perpetually referred to as "the Just"; we hazard the opinion that Aristides himself must in the end have grown weary of the epithet. A pioneer must, in the nature of things, find himself engaged chiefly in uphill work, but Mr. Holbrooke at least has a good many successes to his account: in any case, we are compelled to admire the unfaltering energy with which he pursues the frequently thankless task of giving to the struggling English composer some chance of fame, or at all events, a hearing. With such untiring zeal does he throw himself into his patriotic crusade that he has ended by not only almost eliminating his own work from his programmes, but, as he confesses himself, by completely subordinating his vocation of composer to that of concert-promoter. This result is deeply to be deplored, for, though neither of his own contributions to last Friday's programme at the Arts Centre is of recent date—"Annabel Lee"

was first produced in public in 1911, and the dances for piano and strings are considerably older—they yet stand in a very different class from the works that were given at the same time; we must, however, except Miss Smyth's fine quartet in E minor, the only other work not marked "first performance." The ballad, "Amabel Lee," undoubtedly loses much of its colour through being accompanied by piano instead of by orchestra, but it is full of real dramatic feeling, and possesses a strength and virility that are lacking in too much of our modern English music. It was very finely sung by Mr. David Brazell.

Miss Smyth's quartet is in three movements, all marked Allegro, though the second of them fills rather the rôle of a Scherzo; this sameness of tempo imparts a certain monotony to the work, and we felt that an Andante movement would have supplied welcome relief. The first movement is the most interesting, and contains some fine melodious passages for the violins, but the last, which suggests a country dance, is full of a fascinating rhythm, though it suffers a little from undue length.

With regard to the new works produced, Mr. Holbrooke prefaces each of them with such delightful little notices that further criticism seems almost impertinent; since, however, he appeals directly to the organs of the Press to "give more and more of their minds and space to the native works," we must try to fill the part of a conscientious assessor.

The first novelty consisted of a group of songs by Mr. Alfred Hale, settings of some unfamiliar, delightful words of Herrick, but the composer has failed to catch the airy spirit of the poet, gay beneath its reflectiveness, and has steeped his versions in the most determined melancholy. Mr. Edward Mitchell's setting of an anonymous poem was interesting for the curious blend it contained of modern harmonic ideas with almost old-fashioned progressions and cadences.

The first two compositions of Mr. Wilfrid Kershaw—"Character Sketch" and "Minuet Caprice"—were graceful and pleasing, but the "Symphonic Rhapsody" showed considerable advance in originality; it was brilliantly played by the composer, who is a member of the Royal College for the Blind.

Undoubtedly the most striking novelty of the evening was the String Quartet, "A Fantasie," of Mr. Richard Cleveland, which exhibited all the more modern Futurist tendencies in a highly advanced form. Though consisting nominally of a single movement, the work falls naturally into two parts, Andante and Allegro: the Andante section contains many curious but undeniably beautiful harmonic effects, somewhat reminiscent of some of Ravel's music, but in the Allegro form is so completely lost in fantasy that confusion results, at any rate on a first hearing. Mr. Cleveland seems as yet hardly to have grasped what possibilities lie before him in writing for stringed instruments; he makes so little use of the upper register of the violin that a certain monotony of tone colour is the consequence. Both of the quartets were admir-

ably played by Messrs. Sammons, Tertis, Petrie, and Withers.

Mr. Sammons' violin solos, one of them a brilliant Recitativo and Scherzo, of Kreisler, for violin alone, were a delightful feature of a lengthy programme, which, though its items varied in merit, was interesting throughout. The audience was large and remarkably enthusiastic.

Herr Mengelberg's splendid conducting of Strauss' Symphonic Poem, "Don Quixote," was the principal feature of the London Symphony Orchestra's concert on May 25. So much has been written about this work that nothing remains to be said, except that no other conductor has ever been as successful as Herr Mengelberg in emphasising the mixture of heroism and folly that Strauss has depicted in his score. Even the sheep bleated with unusual energy. The solo 'cello was played by Mr. Patterson Parker. The rest of the programme included the "Jupiter" Symphony of Mozart, Mendelssohn's Overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—which surely is needing a rest—and Saint-Saëns' piano concerto in G minor: the solo part of this last work was played by Miss Enid Brandt, whose playing is full of delicacy and charm, but singularly deficient in rhythm: probably she would be heard to greater advantage in a smaller hall.

Notes and News

Mr. Murray is shortly issuing a volume of criticism, "Studies in Milton," by Mr. Alden Sampson, which brings into better relief the charm and humanity of the poet, and suggests new aspects of his work and history.

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham will publish shortly an important book which Mr. Ernest A. Vizetelly has nearly ready for press, entitled "The Loves of the Poets and the Painters."

Mr. Richard Marsh has a new long novel, entitled "Margot and Her Judges," coming from Messrs. Chatto and Windus within the next few days. It is the story of a beautiful girl who, by a series of extraordinary accidents, is seriously incriminated in various strange disappearances of valuable property.

The summer idyll, "By the Western Sea," by the author of "John Westacott," James Baker, is shortly to be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall in the two shilling popular edition of this writer's novels, this completing the set of six volumes of stories that many reviewers have said will bear more than one reading.

The Year Book Press are adding immediately to their already numerous plays for schools three new ones by S. Sproston, entitled "Midsummer Fairies," a fantastic sketch in two scenes; "The Pudding Made of Plum," a tragi-comedy for children; "The Sword in the Stone," a legend.

"Prehistoric London: Its Mounds and Circles" is the title of a new work by E. O. Gordon, which deals with the Ancient Britons and the traces of Druidic worship to be found in London and elsewhere. The Rev. John Griffith contributes some appendices, and the volume, which is illustrated, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

M. Steinlen is to visit England in connection with the exhibition of his works—the first to be seen in this country—at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. His art will be thoroughly represented in the drawings, etchings, and lithographs which will be shown during the next two weeks.

Messrs. Ginn and Company, publishers of school and college text books, inform us that they have secured the services in their London office of Mr. Kenneth Bell, Fellow of All Souls College. Mr. Bell was for two years Lecturer in History at the University of Toronto, and is at present lecturing at East London College, under the University of London. Until recently he was a director of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, Ltd.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week an edition limited to 320 numbered copies, at three guineas net, of the "Keats Letters, Papers, and Other Relics," forming the Dilke bequest in the Hampstead Public Library, reproduced in fifty-eight collotype facsimiles. This is edited, with full transcriptions and notes and an account of the portraits of Keats, with fourteen reproductions, by George C. Williamson, Litt.D., and has a foreword by Theodore Watts-Dunton, and an introduction by H. Buxton Forman.

In order to encourage ladies to use the rifle in the standing position, instead of the lying-down or sitting position, which is ungraceful and difficult, Mr. Winans (author of "Shooting for Ladies") has given a belt-buckle, designed by the Vienna Court jeweller, representing a chamois in a border of oak and pine leaves, as a prize to be shot for by ladies in the standing position at 25 yards. This competition will be open during the whole of the Bisley Meeting.

A house exhibition of photographs of big game taken in British East Africa in 1909, photographs of Newfoundland caribou, and a number of miscellaneous photographs, all by A. Radclyffe Dugmore, F.R.G.S., author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," "Wild Life and the Camera," will be open to the public, free, till Saturday, June 13, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 5 p.m., on presentation of visiting-card.

Mr. Francis Griffiths has in preparation an illustrated volume entitled "The Ukraine and the Ukrainians." It will deal in a most comprehensive manner with the Ukrainian nation, sometimes referred to as Ruthenians and Little Russians. The author is Mr. George Raffalovich, hon. sec. of the Ukrainian Committee in London. A few chapters will be reserved for recognised authorities on special subjects, such as "The Ruthenians of Canada," "The Oil-Fields of the Ukraine," "The Folk-Songs of the Ukraine."

The *Rheinisch Westfälische Zeitung* for April 28, referring to the luncheon given by Baron von der Heydt in honour of Oberbürgermeister Wallraf of Cologne, at the Carlton Hotel, on Monday, April 27, publishes the tenour of the speeches delivered by Sir Frank Lascelles and Herr Wallraf, who, on behalf of the City of Cologne, warmly invited English visitors to come and visit the Werkbund Exhibition, which will be opened in the course of this month to show the recent great progress of art in the province of arts and crafts.

It is more than ten years since Mr. Murray issued the first volume of the revised edition of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's famous "History of Italy." After many delays, the completing volumes, V and VI, are this month to be published. No work of the kind can be its equal in authority and excellence, for besides containing the notes and improvements of the editors, Mr. Langton Douglas and Dr. Borenus, it had the advantage of additions and amendments made by Sir Joseph Crowe and Cavalliere Cavalcaselle.

The Ford Lectures on the "Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History," delivered at Oxford, in the Hilary Term of 1913, by Professor T. F. Tout, are announced for publication by the Manchester University Press this week. In addition to expanding and to a large extent rearranging the lectures from the form in which they were delivered, Professor Tout has included in the volume two appendices, the first of which contains the household ordinances of Edward II, and the second a list of officials under that king.

The editor of the Homeland Association, Ltd., announces that new editions of the handbooks for Minehead, Newquay, St. Ives, Lynton, Torquay, the Scilly Isles, and other places are ready for the 1914 season. A revised edition of "Where Shall We Live?" describing the residential districts around London, is just out, and new books on Harpenden (Herts), Falmouth and Truro, and Bexhill-on-Sea are in the press.

The *Berliner Tageblatt* for May 21, in a leading article, quotes some assurances which its editor received from a "trustworthy" personage in Paris with regard to proposals for an Anglo-Russian naval agreement, alleged to have been raised in Paris on the occasion of the recent visit of King George and Sir Edward Grey. The editor, after emphasising his absolute confidence in the correctness of this statement, utters a warning that such an agreement, if concluded, would be a setback to the cause of better Anglo-German relations for which the impending visit of a British squadron to Kiel would hardly offer adequate compensation.

For their last performance this season on June 21 and 22, at the Little Theatre, the Pioneer Players, under the direction of Miss Edith Craig, have a most attractive programme in a triple bill of one-act plays. "The Women," by Miss Magdalen Ponsonby, is an amusing skit on the ways of the fairer sex in committee. "The Level Crossing," by Mrs. Herbert Cohen, is pure tragedy; and in Mr. John N. Raphael's "Between Twelve and Three" Miss Nancy Price has a part after her own heart. The Pioneer Players wish it to be known that the matinée on June 22 will be open to the public, and tickets may be obtained from their office at 139, Long Acre, W.C.

Literary Competition

THIRTEENTH WEEK.

DURING the thirteen weeks since March 14 THE ACADEMY has printed each week a passage from some more or less well-known author whose work is generally easily accessible either on the bookshelves at home or in the popular libraries published to-day.

Thirteen quotations, including this week's, have appeared, and to those of our readers who send in the most correct list of names of authors and titles of works, and the two next best lists, we offer a First Prize of £5, a Second Prize of £3, and a Third Prize of £2.

All competitors have to do is to fill in the Coupon given below, and forward the thirteen Coupons to the Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., and the awards will be announced, we hope, in our issue of July 11.

It must be understood that the Editor's decision is final, and that he claims the right, in the event of a tie, to divide the prizes as he thinks proper.

In response to many inquiries from readers living abroad who are anxious to enter this competition, the date for sending in the answers will be extended to June 30.

QUOTATION XIII.

God gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all;
That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

"THE ACADEMY" COMPETITION.

Author's name.....

Quotation taken from.....

Competitor's name

Address

Coupon 13, June 6, 1914.

... Copies of previous issues may be obtained by new readers desirous of taking part in the Competition.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

RUSSIA AND GREAT BRITAIN IN PERSIA—II

WHILE last week we were emphasising that Russia had virtually entered into permanent military occupation of the province of Azerbaijan, in Northern Persia, criticism was being offered in the Duma concerning the restrictive nature of British policy generally upon the legitimate activities of Russia throughout the country. A prominent member of that body, M. Markoff, frankly declared that he had no faith in the value of English friendship; her interests were fundamentally opposed to those of Russia. Doubtless, he added, it suited her policy to run counter to Germany, but that was no reason why Russia should permit herself to be carried along the same course. He then proceeded to argue that Russia and Germany were natural allies, and went on to mention that by reason of common interests France was more closely drawn to England than towards Russia. In particular, the speaker made much out of the Persian question, alluding to Great Britain as an undesirable obstacle to Russian progress. It is as well that we should remember that the politician just quoted represents a powerful school of thought in Russia. It is no secret that even so influential a statesman as Count Witte has a preference for an understanding with Germany rather than with this country. The well-known publicist, M. Menschikoff, of the *Novoe Vremya*, has also expressed himself in similar terms.

It is not our intention in the course of this article to deal at length with the Russian point of view thus described in its wider sense. The subject is one to which we will return later. What is of immediate importance, however, is that at a moment when Sir Edward Grey should be coming in for a good deal of criticism on account of his policy in Persia, which is alleged to be feeble, M. Sasonoff, in Russia, is being made the target of censure of exactly the same kind. It is not logical to suppose, when there is dissatisfaction in either country in regard to the aim of its partner, that a charge of weakness in policy can lightly be laid against one or the other. In the face of the facts that we presented last week we certainly think that Russia cannot be accused of failing to make sufficient use of her position in Persia. At the same time we fully appreciate the weighty reasons which preclude politicians in the Duma from seeing eye to eye with England. Naturally Russia is anxious to force the pace in Persia; for by so doing she has everything to gain, nothing to lose. There is in Russia no such liberal sentiment in favour of the preservation of the integrity of Persia such as exists in England. Moreover, commercial Russia, located as it is at the very portals of Persia, and finding that the Cossacks of the Tsar maintain perfect order in Azerbaijan, is anxious to consolidate and extend its opportunities. In other ways geographical advantages are a spur to the activity of

Russia. Railways may be built by her in all directions; but rather than react upon her strategical plans in an injurious manner, they will strengthen her grip upon new territories, and, as far as general policy is concerned, place in the hands of her diplomacy valuable weapons for offence and defence.

The case of England is altogether different. Our policy in Persia has always been and must ever remain inspired and controlled by considerations for the safety of the Indian Empire. In this simple truth we have at once the revelation of Sir Edward Grey's mind and the key to his attitude. Some of his English critics, as is their wont in surveying other spheres, have betrayed a too narrow perspective. They see only Persia as an isolated question, and their warm-hearted sentiment for a little nation seeking to renew its youth while caught between the buffers of two great Powers completely obscures their vision from larger issues. As a British statesman imbued with British ideals, Sir Edward Grey is himself not altogether bereft of like sentiment; but he is influenced by such consideration within definitely practical limits, and for the rest his policy is founded, as it can only be, in preserving and promoting the interests of the Empire as a vast whole. Hence in Persia his actions are dominated by the needs of India. When next we turn to the criticism in Russia levelled against his policy, we find this circumstance, too, indirectly accountable for the prevailing dissatisfaction. Believing, as he does, that the maintenance of the *status quo* in Persia is best suited to the strategical requirements of India, it is plain that Sir Edward Grey's insistence upon this principle thwarts the designs of the forward party in St. Petersburg. Yet no suggestion is forthcoming as to how Russia could benefit in Persia to a greater extent than is at present the case were she allied to Germany and hostile to Great Britain. Certainly she could not do so in such event without provoking world-wide war. The whole idea as presented by M. Markoff is fantastic, and takes no account of the realities and complexities of the international situation as a whole. If we agree that because of the diplomatic situation in Europe it is essential that Russia and England should be firm friends, then Sir Edward Grey's policy of tolerating within limits Russian aggression in Northern Persia becomes all the more intelligible. For, in spite of their outcry, the Russian critics cannot deny that the activities of their nation in this region bear the aspect of aggression. Not content with existing spoils, they want more.

That a strong feeling prevails in both countries that the time is ripe for a partition of Persia is not to be denied. Already we have alluded to the allegations of weakness frequently urged against British diplomacy. Apart altogether from any considerations of common justice as affecting Persia's right to exist, here again we find, as we have all along insisted, that British policy must be dominated by the needs of India. But, argue the advocates of vigorous action, surely Great Britain, following Russia's example in

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TO THE SECRETARIES OF LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETIES.

A fortnight ago we printed a note on Mr. Balfour's address before the English Association.

Every week, before some literary or debating society, papers are read by local ladies and gentlemen, if not by those of wider reputation, in which thought on affairs, on books, on art, science, or philosophy is crystallised.

Often we have been astonished when listening to papers and discussions in local societies by the excellent thoughts excellently expressed, which fall from the lips of men who are yet a long way off the eminence of a Balfour.

Why should these efforts go unnoticed outside the circles of the village or the town in which they originate?

We propose to allot some portion of the space of "The Academy" as often as may be necessary to a notice or a quotation from any of these papers whose intrinsic merits warrant either. This is an absolute novelty in London journalism, and can only prove the success we hope it will be if the Secretaries lend us their co-operation. If they will communicate with us we shall be happy to make arrangements with them which may be pleasing to them and to the authors of the papers or addresses, and we believe useful and interesting to our readers.

Sometimes we should be glad to publish a lengthy extract, sometimes a sentence or two, always an epigram or a paradox with which the local orator may elucidate or illumine a topic.

Letters to Editors from any corner of the country or the world which contain a point or convey information are always welcome: why should not a wider publicity be given to utterances which are none the less worthy of notice because they were prepared for the purely local audience?

the north, can pacify the south. Apparently they forget that to accomplish this purpose would require an army of occupation, a measure tantamount to extending the frontiers of India to an advanced Russia. Neither India nor Great Britain would be justified in expending the enormous sum required for so momentous a departure. If we are so timorous, then, the question will be asked, why have we given consent in principle to the Trans-Persian Railway scheme? As a matter of fact, much misconception exists about this project. It is not intended that the line shall take a route such as will require Indian soldiers for its protection. On the contrary, in its final stages, the railway will proceed along the coast, where, if necessary, it can be held by the Navy. At present, however, the scheme in its grandiose proportions is very much in the air. Railway development there will be in Persia. In the north Russia is showing a strong lead in this respect, and in the south England may in the interests of her High Policy direct, but she certainly cannot arrest, similar movement.

We have endeavoured to demonstrate in the course of this article how intimately Sir Edward Grey's actions in Persia are influenced by policy from India. At present the relations between Russia and England are cordial, and we do not think, as we said last week, Russia harbours designs against our Indian Empire. But Sir Edward Grey is the guardian of the interest of posterity, as well as of those of the present generation, and he cannot forget that the diplomatic scene is an ever-changing one. Proximity of her military forces to a frontier army of India in Persia might tempt Russia to exert pressure in this direction as a means of exacting concessions elsewhere.

MOTORING

FROM the point of view of the average motorist, there is no doubt that of all the contests, competitions, and races which have been held in connection with the motoring movement the International Tourist Trophy Race, instituted by the R.A.C. in 1905, stands out pre-eminent in interest and value. Prior to that date, practically all motor-car contests had for their objective speed and speed only, with the result that automobile development was proceeding on the lines of producing the purely racing machine—a type which can only appeal to the sporting and wealthier section of the community. In fact, up to the period referred to, the possession of a motor-car was generally regarded as an indication of affluence on the part of the owner, and no one realised that in the course of a few years the mechanically propelled vehicle would form an almost indispensable part of the establishment of the ordinary man in the street. But the unexpected has happened. The motor-car is no longer regarded as the prerogative of the rich alone, but as a common feature of the social and utilitarian life of the com-

munity. This has been brought about by a change in the objective of design, namely, from that of pure speed to the evolution of the car of moderate power, moderate speed, and moderate price, suitable for ordinary touring purposes; and this change has been largely brought about by the Tourist Trophy competition, which was expressly established to encourage the development of the type of car indicated. It was intended that the event should be an annual one, but, for some reason or other of which the general public are ignorant, it was dropped after the contest of 1908. Its revival is in response to the wishes expressed by many private motorists to the R.A.C., and the Club has doubtless been helped to a favourable decision by a series of liberal cash prizes offered by the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph*. The race this year, which is to be held in the Isle of Man on the 10th and 11th inst., has aroused exceptional interest, and promises to be the most keenly contested of the whole series.

* * *

The entry of twenty-three, although smaller than in 1908, is fairly representative. Fourteen of the cars are well-known British makes—Vauxhall, Sunbeam, Humber, Straker-Squire, Star, and Crossley; whilst Germany sends Adlers, Belgium Minervas and a Sava, France a D.F.P., and America a Rawlinson-Hudson. In the earlier contests, foreign cars predominated numerically, and the reversal of the position may be taken as a proof that the foreign makers recognise the extent of the advances made by the British motor manufacturers and designers in recent years. Most of the foreign drivers in the forthcoming contest are men of international reputation; the home contingent are all skilled in competitive work; and the keen rivalry between men of different nationalities will retain interest till the final lap has been run. The course selected is the same as before—a circuit of 37 miles in length, which has to be covered eight times on each of the two days, making about 600 miles in all. To the winner, the Tourist Trophy itself and a sum of £1,000 will be awarded; to the second finisher, £250; to the winning team, £300; and there is also a prize of £100 for the best performance on a fuel other than exclusively petrol. The "Henry Edmunds" Challenge Trophy, which has not been competed for since 1910, will be awarded to the competitor who makes the best aggregate time in the sixteen ascents of the hill from Ramsey to the Bungalow. It is interesting to note that the makers of winning cars in the former races have not a single representative this year, and it is also worthy of mention that every car in the contest, with the exception of the three German Adlers, is fitted with tyres of British make, namely, Dunlops. Taken altogether, the International Tourist Trophy Race of 1914 may be considered the most interesting and important motoring event of the year. It will be contested with exceptional keenness, but it is fairly safe to prophesy that the winner will be found amongst the British competitors, all of whom have made the most strenuous preparations for the event.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange returned from its Whitsun holidays in an amiable frame of mind, but it found no business. For some days past, however, it has been the fashion to be an optimist, and undoubtedly the position is clearer all round. As I mentioned last week, banking troubles in Paris appear to be nearing their end. The latest advices from Russia are also satisfactory, whilst the news from Mexico continues to be good. In the political world an early settlement of the Ulster trouble is anticipated. The Stock Exchange is always sentimental, and there is no doubt that if the Prime Minister could announce that he had come to a compromise about Ulster we should see a sharp rise in all gilt-edged securities.

Considering that we are now well on in June the money market is remarkably easy; the banks have ample funds in hand, the foreign demand for gold appears to have ceased, and it is quite certain that in July we shall get an abundance of money with possibly a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. rate. Therefore it seems quite safe to buy Consols, Irish Land, India Threes and Two-and-a-half, all of which are very much under-valued. They are absolute securities of the highest possible rank, and they cannot long remain at their present level.

A great deal of the evident depression now existing is due to the heavy losses that the public has sustained in purchasing fourth and fifth-rate bonds in foreign corporations. During the past twelve months very large sums of money have been lost from enterprises against which I have steadily warned my readers. The public does not forget these losses, but it is gradually becoming awake to the fact that it is better to get a certain four per cent. than to take five per cent. and lose two-thirds of the capital. We have seen this sort of thing happen before. After the Baring crisis the public resolutely refused to put any money abroad: it had lost large sums in South America, and it declined to invest in anything except gilt-edged securities. Following that crisis we had a period of cheap money and very high prices in genuine gilt-edged stuff. History will repeat itself; therefore I have the utmost confidence in advising my readers to disregard all high-yielding securities and stick to safety. They will not regret it in the end.

FOREIGNERS.—No one can quite understand why the French Government do not bring out the National Loan. The Balkan war caused the French nation to hoard its gold, and although a certain amount of this gold is now coming into circulation there is still a large amount hidden away. The French are intensely patriotic, and if the National Loan were offered to them to-day it would be over-subscribed many times over. The banks have not acted wisely; they should have seen the position and helped the Government. Instead of this they manœuvred to get out their various Near East Loans, forgetting that these loans would have gone much better if they could have been floated on the top of a successful national issue. The news from Brazil is not good. Various intrigues are going on to force the Brazilian Government to hand over the Central Railway to the Brazil Railway, and incidentally to lend the Brazil Railway a large sum of money, which money is to be obtained by a national loan to be issued in London. It is believed that the House of Rothschild

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object to any such stipulations in the loan, and it is doubtful whether a new Brazilian issue will be made.

HOME RAILS.—There is nothing new to report in regard to the demands of the Labour men for an increased wage on the railways; most people are agreed that railway men are underpaid. It would cost the companies about six millions to give the advance asked for by Mr. Thomas. This is not a large sum spread over the whole of the railways of Great Britain, and a small advance in rates would easily recoup the outlay. The demand for shorter hours is more serious, and no one can say what this cost would be, but probably a compromise will be arrived at. It is perhaps uncertain whether the Labour Party are not putting forward their demands in order to help Lloyd George in his scheme for the nationalisation of railways. There is no doubt that if the Government purchased the railways of Great Britain almost every man in the Labour Party would get a very soft job indeed. I see no reason why people should refrain from purchasing home railways at the present time. If there is nothing in my suggestion and the Labour demands are genuine, then Parliament will certainly allow rates to be raised, and no one will be injured except, of course, the trader who uses the railway. But six millions spread over the whole trade of Great Britain is not a serious tax upon business.

YANKEES.—No one at the moment knows what is going to happen in regard to Missouri Pacific. Before these lines are in print a decision will have been arrived at. If the road goes into the hands of a receiver we may get a temporary set back in quotations, but if Messrs. Kuhn Loeb agree to a compromise a general rise throughout the market is possible. On the whole the position seems fairly good. The cotton crop is likely to be poor, but, on the other hand, the wheat crop will break the record. Bankers are generally talking in an optimistic manner. There is no speculation in the American market at the moment, and none is likely to occur, but I do not think that we are likely to see any serious fall.

RUBBER.—Plantation rubber remains at 2s. 4d. The synthetic bogey has been brought forward by the "bears," but it is extremely doubtful whether any quantity of synthetic has ever been manufactured. It is quite certain that the bulk of the rubber now sold as synthetic is either fine hard-cured Para creped or re-formed rubber. No reports of any moment have made their appearance, and speculation in the share market has quite died down. The Strathmore report was not satisfactory; the company is short of funds, its all-in cost is very high, yet the directors paid a five per cent. dividend. They were not justified in making this distribution, for they have a great deal of young rubber yet to bring to the producing stage.

OIL.—When the market opened on Tuesday morning after the Whitsun holidays, there were a large number of selling orders for Spies, and the price quickly fell to 20s. 9d. Various stories were sent round the market to account for the heavy drop. The pool comes to an end this week, and one or two weak "bulls" probably thought it a good opportunity to get out. I do not believe that anything serious has happened, and if the price falls I think my readers can safely buy. The news from Egypt is good. It is rather amusing to hear that Sir Marcus Samuel is now wondering why the British Government went into Persia when they could have gone into Egypt. Not so many months ago this great oil magnate was warning his hearers that the Egyptian field was quite unproven. North Caucasians have been flat not because there is any bad news, but because the account of one speculator was closed down.

MINES.—There is nothing doing in the Mining market. The Great Boulder report is uninteresting and clearly this

mine has come to the end of its life. It has had a magnificent career, but no mine lasts for ever. Kaffirs and Rhodians need no notice; no one takes any interest in either. The speculation in Russians looks like coming to an end, the Kyshtim dividend disappointed the "bulls," the gamblers in Kirklands moved prices up and down to suit their own book, but the public very wisely stands aloof.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Lyons report is very satisfactory and record figures were shown; nevertheless the shares weakened. Virol, subsidiary of Bovril, has done well. The New Egyptian and Mortgage Company of Egypt both issued their reports, and in each case the figures are sufficiently good to advise my readers to invest. New Egyptians at 10s. 3d. are dirt cheap. Taking the land at its cost price the assets work out at 17s. 9d. per share.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN IMPERIAL ZOLLVEREIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Permit me, please, to make a brief and final reply to Mr. Allen's recent letter in *THE ACADEMY*. He has so deviated from the subject at issue between us as to render it necessary to re-state that issue, and then to draw conclusions; or, rather, to leave such of your readers as may have been interested in the discussion to draw their own conclusions. Mr. Allen's expressed views and opinions in regard to the Colonies and Imperial Federation should not be allowed to pass unanswered.

I affirm and believe that an Imperial Zollverein, or Free Trade within and throughout the British Empire (and within the Empire only), would greatly redound to the prosperity of all its component parts; and would effectively conduce to the closer union and permanent integrity of the British Empire. Mr. Allen maintains that the advantage of England alone is worthy of consideration, and that it is only desirable to impose a tariff on all foreign and Colonial imports. He declares that since the Overseas Dominions have thus far failed or declined to contribute their just quota towards the maintenance of a Navy strong enough to protect British commerce all over the world, then they should not be allowed any favours or privileges; but, rather, should be taxed, per high tariffs, on their exports! He even goes so far as to intimate that it would be best for Canada, at all events, to secede and to throw in her lot with the United States! In other words, Mr. Allen, I am sorry to say, has approved himself a confirmed "Little Englander," of the exploded (as I had supposed and hoped!) type of a generation or two gone by. He does not believe that England can retain its ascendancy, and is extremely pessimistic in all his views. He cares nothing whatever for "sentiment," or for "ideas," but rather regards anything approaching "sentiment" as nonsensical and repugnant to common sense! Such, in brief, would appear his philosophy; nor do I think I have done him any wrong in thus summarising. But, worst of all, was Mr. Allen's latest offence, in affronting, as he did in his last letter, the susceptibilities of his kinsmen in the Overseas Dominions by his assurance that "the English people care nothing for them." When will Englishmen of Mr. Allen's kind learn to be more politic and considerate? It was just such language and tone of thought as that which cost England the last of the thirteen New England colonies, so much blood and so many humiliations; the memories of which still rankle in many American minds. Let Mr. Allen read his Thackeray a great deal more than he has

done yet, and discover in "Henry Esmond" and in "The Virginians" that to which I refer. If I have not already made it sufficiently plain that an Imperial Zollverein would indubitably benefit and unite on a basis both of sentiment and interest the whole Empire, let me once more summarise the arguments I have adduced; for this will be my last notice of your correspondent's letters on the subject.

First, then, I have attempted to show that Imperial Federation, on the lines I have advocated, would promote the agricultural interests of the Overseas Dominions, immediately and immensely, because of the stimulus it would give to emigration from the British Isles and to investments of British capital in the Commonwealth of the Empire.

Secondly, it would prove immediately advantageous to British manufacturing interests, because of the removal of all duties on British wares, and because of the consequent disadvantages under which foreign manufactures would labour.

Thirdly, it would vastly benefit the maritime and sea-coast interests of the Empire, as well as the more immediate shipping interests of Great Britain and of the Commonwealth.

Fourthly, it would stimulate and facilitate improved methods in agriculture, or better farming, by reason of closer intimacy and friendly rivalry between the farmers and landowning classes, both "at home" and in the Overseas Dominions.

Fifthly, it would not raise the price of bread a single farthing in the British Isles, while it would undoubtedly occasion a rise in the prices of British stock and of certain seeds and grain.

Sixthly, and most important of all, it would so weld together in a common bond of union of sentiment and of interest, as to ensure the integrity of the Empire; and to assure, in so far as anything mortal can be assured, its permanent integrity. Such, at any rate, are the hopes and belief of tens of thousands of earnest and intelligent minds throughout the Empire, and even without it; for there are even thousands in the United States of America who think as I do, and who are yet loyal to the land of their adoption. I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

NEW SONNETS BY KEATS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The lovers of the poetry of Keats must be grateful to the Editor of the *Times*, for having, in addition to the previous lyric, unearthed two new sonnets by this poetic master. The fact of the MSS. being in his handwriting may also dispel any lurking doubts as to their authenticity. At the same time, it is almost unbelievable that during the lapse of one hundred years they should not have been included in any of the numerous editions of the poet's works. The sonnets in question, as we know, concern a laurel crown from Leigh Hunt and are an acknowledgment to the ladies who saw him crowned, and the writer in the *Times* accounts for their non-appearance in his poems—"because he was ashamed of his crowning and accordingly resolved to keep the sonnets to himself"—I am quoting the words of the *Evening News* in its issue of May 18.

Now, sir, it so happens that in the posthumous poems of Keats there is a published sonnet "To a young Lady who sent me a laurel crown," which hardly reconciles the above statement, and as it without doubt refers to the crowning it seems to me that the latest find requires some more elucidation.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

Kensington, W.

THE WORKS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am preparing a new edition of the Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison (to be published by Messrs. Bell), and I am anxious to make the collection of letters as complete as possible.

I should therefore be very grateful if any of your readers would tell me of any unpublished letters to or from Addison, which may be in the possession of public or private owners. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

O. C. GUTHKELCH.

King's College, University of London.

A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The lines beginning "God made man frail as a bubble," as to which "Curious" inquires in your issue of May 2, were written by Oliver Herford. Mr. Herford is also, by the by, the author of the following epitome of Omar's philosophy (not that he—Mr. H.—so labels it):

"The bubble winked at me and said,

You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."

Faithfully yours,

Newburyport, Mass., U.S.A.

E. STONE.

MEXICO CITY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Penny's letter on the above subject is of interest. I can assure him I have not the least desire to fool your readers or propagate errors.

My visit to Mexico was professional, made in the autumn of 1893, and extended over a period of six weeks. The notes on which my article was based were jotted down by me on my way home. I will deal with Mr. Penny's points seriatim.

With regard to the negro and Chinese elements in the population of the city, Mr. Penny attributes to me a statement which I did not make. My statement was that he negro and the Chinaman are not notably in evidence to a visitor when he makes his way about the streets of the city.

With regard to the remark as to climatic conditions, my visit was in the dry season, but no one can traverse the high regions of the country without noting the evidence of erosion by rain scour or fail to be convinced that at certain seasons of the year tropical deluges must prevail. I believe the rainfall in Mexico City is about 40 inches, and that the period of rainfall is for practical purposes four months. A Scotch highlander, in reply to a query as to the amount of local rainfall, is reported to have said "about twelve fut." In the hill country to the north of Mexico City I saw the effects of scour which would probably have eclipsed the highlander's estimate.

I travelled in some of the remoter parts of the Republic and endeavoured—I trust successfully—to make myself "simpatico" with the Mexican peones. Their humour always struck me as of an inverted order.

My remark as to lassoing was founded on a concrete incident. One of my assistants when riding with the works' pay found himself shadowed by two Mexicans, also on horseback. They would have lassoed him had he not wheeled his horse round, drawn his revolver and threatened to shoot—when his pursuers bolted. Had he shot these men Mr. Penny will probably admit that the law would have upheld his action.

My reference to the right to touch a wounded man is also founded on an actual case. Two young Englishmen on my staff were attacked by Indians; one was murdered,

the other wounded. The cold that night was pretty severe, and the Indian workmen positively refused to touch the wounded man without the authority of the "jefe politico," who sent word that he could not come until the following morning. A third Englishman on the staff, disregarding the law, saved his wounded comrade's life.

With regard to the police methods of treating "drunks," the method referred to I saw in operation with my own eyes. It appeared to be a normal procedure and my friends told me that it was so. I am informed that a similar rule is enforced in some South American cities, although I have personally never seen it in action elsewhere than in Mexico.

With regard to Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihautl, as Mr. Penny surmises, my remarks were intended to be taken in a geological sense. Yours faithfully,

A. E. CAREY, M.Inst.C.E.

Victoria Street, S.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

- Memorabilia Mathematica, or The Philomath's Quotation-Book.* By Robert Edouard Moritz, Ph.D. (Macmillan and Co. 12s. 6d.)
- China's Dayspring after Thirty Years.* By Frederick Brown, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Murray and Evenden. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Place of the Reign of Edward II in English History.* By T. F. Tout, M.A. (Sherratt and Hughes. 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Caillaux Drama.* By John N. Raphael. Illustrated. (Max Goschen. 16s. net.)
- The Celebrated Madame Campan.* By Violette M. Montagu. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash. 15s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Women of Egypt.* By Elizabeth Cooper. Illustrated. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s. net.)
- Impressions of British Life and Character.* By M. N. Babasaheb. With a Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)
- The Case for Voluntary Service.* (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)
- Lectures on the Relation between Law and Public Opinion in England during the Nineteenth Century.* By A. V. Dicey, K.C. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
- Poverty and Waste.* By Hartley Withers. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)
- From an Islington Window: Pages of Reminiscent Romance.* By M. Betham-Edwards. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
- Travel and Politics in Armenia.* By Noel Buxton, M.P., and the Rev. Harold Buxton. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)
- American Public Opinion.* By James Davenport Whelpley. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- An Essay on Indian Economics.* By Shridhar V. Ketkar, M.A., Ph.D. (Thacker, Spink and Co. Rs. 1.8.)

THEOLOGY.

- The Commonitory of St. Vincent of Lerins.* Translated by T. H. Bindley, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)
- Tertullian on the Testimony of the Soul.* Translated by T. H. Bindley, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. net.)
- The Coming Christ: Christ in You.* By Johanna. (Garden City Press, Letchworth. 5s. net.)

FICTION.

- The Sun God.* By Arthur Westcott. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 3s. 6d. net.)
- That Strange Affair.* By W. Brügge-Vallon. Translated by Gregory A. Page. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- The Adventuress, and Other Stories.* By George W. Loughby. (Max Goschen. 2s. net.)
- Conscience Money.* By Sidney Warwick. (Greening and Co. 6s.)
2010. By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns." (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)
- The Adventures of Mr. Wellaby Johnson.* By Oliver Booth. Illustrated. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)
- The Beloved Premier.* By H. Maxwell. (John Long. 6s.)
- The Toll.* By William Westrup. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)
- Eve and the Minister.* By M. H. Shaw. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)
- The Web of Circumstance.* By Emily Maclaren. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)
- Roding Rectory.* By Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Quinneys'.* By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 6s.)
- Under the Incense Trees.* By Cecil Adair. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
- Angels in Wales.* By Margam Jones. (John Long. 6s.)
- Scottish Stories.* By R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. net.)
- Poor Mrs. Egerton: A Study in Atmosphere.* By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 2s. net.)
- The Death of a Nobody.* By Jules Romains. Translated by D. MacCarthy and S. Waterlow. (Howard Latimer. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Cloudesley Tempest.* By E. H. Lacon Watson. (John Murray. 6s.)
- Quick Action.* By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)
- Sylvia.* By Upton Sinclair. (John Long. 6s.)
- The Maze.* By A. L. Stewart. (John Long. 6s.)
- Louis Norbert: A Two-fold Romance.* By Vernon Lee. (John Lane. 6s.)
- The Chance Child.* By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Everett and Co. 6s.)
- Private Affairs.* By Charles McEvoy. (Everett and Co. 6s.)
- The Tale of Lal.* By Raymond Paton. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)
- The Marriage Tie.* By W. Sherren. (Grant Richards. 6s.)
- The Story of Amanda.* By F. R. M. Fursdon. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6s.)
- Old French Romances.* Done into English by William Morris. With an Introduction by Joseph Jacobs. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
- A Child Went Forth.* By Yoi Pawlowska. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cornhill Magazine; Fortnightly Review; British Review; The Antiquary; Cambridge University Reporter; The Bodleian; The Bookfellow; Britannic Review; Literary Digest; English Review; La Revue; Mercure de France; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; The Tourist; School World; University Correspondent; Deutsche Rundschau; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; Wednesday Review; Revue Critique; Revue Bleue.